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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1868.

CENTRALIZATION.

AS the tide of the rolling sea rises against one shore while it gradually recedes from the opposite, so the laws which govern the political tide only contract their forces in one spot to divide them again in another, and the question of centralization and decentralization presents itself to the observer in a similar aspect, according to the position which he happens to occupy. Here he beholds the ebb, there the flood. This change from side to side may, however, not always be clearly perceptible to the ordinary eye. The wave of human history moves at times in shorter, but more frequently in longer, intervals. Still, a general survey of these fluctuations among the more important states must always possess much interest for all philosophical inquirers.

In France the ablest minds have long been engaged in studying this important question. It originated in the widely felt necessity of some cure for the wounds which the body politic had received from the violent disruptions of its historical continuity—a remedy which would protect France in future against these sudden revulsions that have rent her for nearly three generations, and enable her to add to the high degree of social liberty already enjoyed the boon of that political liberty which she still lacks. But in France the question of centralization is still something entirely apart from the state, and as yet confined to the field of mental speculation, and even there to a narrow circle. The gradual widening of this circle may now, however, be distinctly seen. Without reverting to the past, it will suffice, as far as the immediate present is concerned, to say that Lançon and Demarest have lately pleaded the cause of decentralization with marked ability, though from diametrically opposite standpoints. The former, in his *Des lois de liberté et de leur durée en France*, advocates the doctrine for the sake of the Imperial authority, which he wants to provide with a safety-valve in the form of decentralization. Paradoxical as it may seem at the first blush, he maintains that the Second Empire has been rather weakened than strengthened by its centralizing policy. Every liberty which gains a foothold in France at once arrays itself against the government. It is only by encouraging liberty in the localities, in the political life of the provinces, and among the communes, that this constitutional weakness can be cured in the state. When the populations are restored to themselves, left to attend to their interests, affairs, and religious concerns, they will care again for their schools, churches, and taxes, and abstain from meddling with national politics. Each province, each commune, will then, as it were, become the centre which attracts, retains, yet diverts political attention from the supreme power, just as the lightning-rod carries off the electric fluid. Demarest, on the other hand, though speaking as a republican, arrives, in his *Les Etats Provinciaux*, at precisely the same conclusions. He supports the necessity of decentralization with many powerful arguments. The Gordian knot of the European question, says he, lies in the contrast between the society in France and the society in the neighboring states. Europe will continue disquieted just as long as the French people neglect to direct their great initiative powers to the development of their domestic liberties; foreign governments must constantly apprehend that centralization will enable the French government to use the numerous resources at its command for wars of conquest. It is to protect themselves against this danger that the prerogatives of royalty and the military budgets are everywhere increased, and that the nations suffer their rights to be infringed from patriotic motives. Demarest discovers in Europe two distinct movements—one monarchical and warlike, or the unitarian; another republican and pacific, or the federative. The former is the picture of the past, the latter the secret of the future. His ideal is a "United

States of Europe" (also a favorite dream with Michel Chevalier, the celebrated political economist); at the same time he appears sufficiently practical to discern that Europe is the Old World, that royalty is still formidable, and that the republicans must therefore take into account all the circumstances of the situation, and not expect to realize their plans too speedily. Thus Lançon's imperialistic and Demarest's republican views supplement the well-known Nantes decentralization programme, which bids fair to retain its popularity in France and Europe.

Crossing the Channel, we find that England presents in this, as indeed in most other respects, the very antipodes of France. There the centralization question enters into the actual life of the state, and yet the nation approaches centralization in a genuine British manner, gradually remodelling its institutions in accordance with certain clearly defined practical views. Its local self-government, which rests on the modern representative, electoral, and bureaucratic idea, has already undergone many marked changes, and, though they may seem to have no direct bearing on centralization, their influence must be sensibly felt hereafter. We cannot pause to point out here in detail how widely England has departed in the various domains of public life from her ancient self-government, but must content ourselves with citing a single illustration. England has, in the course of time, gradually covered herself with a perfect net-work of secondary schools, which hold a middle place between the public schools and the universities. Hitherto these institutions have been purely local and perfectly autonomic. The funds for their foundation and support were nearly altogether derived from testamentary bequests and similar sources. The instruction given there was free, but it afforded little satisfaction. The means which these establishments commanded were inadequate, and could not procure the services of competent teachers. A still more fatal defect was a certain want of organic harmony, of a systematic gradation, adapted to the extension of their general capabilities and usefulness. As every locality where such a school existed cared only for itself, the public took no interest in the system, and the result was a chaotic confusion, to reform which the government finally appointed a royal commission. Having examined the condition of over seven hundred schools, the commissioners reported in substance that, unless they could be made really useful, these institutions were calculated to do more harm than good, and would be a serious obstacle to educational progress. It was thereupon decided to place all schools of this class under the control of district boards and special salaried, technically qualified officials. These boards and officials are to be in turn under the direction of the General Charity Commission, which is usually presided over by a cabinet minister or some prominent member of the imperial Parliament. Such is a brief outline of the school reform proposed to be introduced in England. If the plan is carried into effect, it will advance the country another long step on the road of centralization, and that in a department where the law itself must directly and arbitrarily interfere with vested private interests.

In Prussia the banner of decentralization has lately been boldly unfurled. The recent resolutions of the Prussian chambers in relation to the Hanoverian provincial funds furnished the immediate occasion for it. Although the wishes of the government were conceded with a few trifling reservations, Bismarck was so annoyed at the opposition which his project encountered from Conservatives and Progressionists, Federalists and National Liberals, that he asked permission to retire to his estates. On this arose a loud clamor against the senseless resistance which the domestication of a principle equally tending to improve the inner administration, and to enlarge the political liberty, had met with on the part of the ministry. Outside of Prussia, and especially in Southern Germany, those who had feared that a centralized Prussia would gradually absorb the minor states, now abandoned their opposition to a closer political connection. They saw in the conduct of the chambers a guarantee that the Northern Confederation was, with or without further extension, destined to be and remain a genuine federal state.

In the centre of the old Continent we have Austria, since two decades, the battle-ground between central-

ization and decentralization, where the political ebb and flood has been most distinctly apparent. The manner in which this protracted struggle has finally terminated is so familiar to all that we need not enlarge upon it here.

The decisive battle for and against centralization is, however, destined to be fought out on our side of the Atlantic. The great crisis through which we are passing has more and more transferred the question to American soil. Centralization, in its most comprehensive administrative sense, is the essence of the radical warfare against the Constitution and its legal guardian, the President of the republic. Being logically connected with many still unsettled political problems, we may on a future occasion return to the subject in these columns.

THE PLAY-HOUSE JUBILEE.

JUBILEE was the grand festival which commemorated Jewish deliverance from Egypt. It was celebrated every fiftieth year, and, beside being marked by the liberation of all slaves, it was distinguished by the reversion of all lands, which had been alienated during the whole half century, to their former owners. The past year in New York has been the year of jubilee to bad actors and incompetent managers. Time was when performers really accomplished and managers really educated and tasteful played and managed to empty houses. They strove and struggled and talked of the dignity of art, and appealed to the public's better feelings, and were classic and all the rest of it—and starved. There was a long season of poverty and suffering, of doubt as to the true principles of histrionic success, of Egyptian darkness as to the future of the drama. Finally the day of light and deliverance came. Some inspired idiot hit upon the true theory of things. This is based, as on a rock, upon one cardinal postulate, which is to consider man as a creature with five senses and no brains. Upon this happy discovery has been founded the jubilee of bad actors and incompetent managers. Bad and incompetent, that is, in the old-fashioned sense—what our grandfathers would have called so; but not bad or incompetent in the sense of flourishing like green bay trees, radiant with trinkets and fine clothes, pampered with rich dinners and housed in brown stone, with plenty of cash at the banker's and lots of real estate every week swelling in value. In the stupid old days that are gone the Garricks and Kembles and Charles Youngs and Ellistons and Sheridans, your leading actors and managers, were scholarly, even courtly, men—men who could quote Horace and construe Virgil; men who were held, and justly, to ornament the highest society. But now, in accordance, no doubt, with the progressive spirit of the age, most of our Hamlets and Othellos could not parse a line even of their own tongue to save their salaries; and we hear of highly successful managers who with difficulty contrive to write their own names. This seems a pity, but surely it is at least fit and symmetrical, for if the public is most successfully treated when regarded as having no brains, no great amount of culture seems called for in the caterers.

To be serious, we suppose there never yet was a time in the history of a civilized city when ignorant and coarse theatrical performances have been so richly paid as in New York during the past two or three years; and it is a very disgraceful thing that it is so. The more respectable of the managers, while acknowledging this, say that it is not their fault, and we do not for a moment assume that the responsibility rests with any one man or any set of men. Powerful reasons for the prurient and sordid nature of our entertainments have lain in the gross tastes and mixed character of the population; and reflection will show that the latter suggests no little extenuation for the people themselves. We can hardly blame foreigners who understand English imperfectly for having no great relish even for what we call our dramatic masterpieces. The opera and the ballet are naturally the favorites with a polyglot population, and it is fair to keep the excuses for this well in sight. Yet there are degrees even in the worship of Euterpe and Terpsichore, and there is a responsibility for confining popular initiation to the lowest and worst. The wrong here lies between the managers and the critics; and as the

function of the latter includes a fidelity to truth and to the public that is, conventionally speaking, not exigible from a manager in his capacity as tradesman, the critic is most to blame. It may not be easy to measure the odium which justly attaches to different classes for a degraded condition of public taste, and the attempt may readily enough run into profitless theorizing. But there is firm ground in one proposition, and that is this: *That the very low state of the art of dramatic and musical criticism among us, and the small importance attached to these departments by our leading journalists, are responsible in a considerable degree for the character of our public representations.* That there are gentlemen attached to the press who are capable of doing the right kind of work we are well aware,—although their number is too few, and their attention, as a rule, too much divided; but their work is not made a feature of such importance as it ought to be; it is put too much on a plane with police reporting; the habit of accepting a position somewhat inferior to that of leading-article writers engenders carelessness; improper influences creep in, since the integrity of what is of little worth may more easily be tampered with—the sin appears more venial—than if the department had its legitimate dignity and proportions. Hence an immense deal of conventional slop and illicit puffery in the musical and dramatic columns of the newspapers. Frequently the managers—not the more respectable ones above referred to—write the notices themselves; and our readers may judge from this of their critical value.

As editors fall into the habit of regarding play-house criticism as of little importance, and so find that, with educated people, it has little influence, and as the public with great readiness fall into the editors' manifest view of the case, it is not surprising that youths (and adults as unsuitable) become "dramatic critics," and so attain power to lay down canons and promulgate opinions which are of about as much worth as a New York alderman's views about belles-lettres, or *The Evening Post's* estimates of English society. But to be able instructively to criticise the productions of the stage calls for powers and attainments of a rare and high order. Such an ability implies not only a knowledge of books but of the world. Acquaintance with the literature of the drama is, of course, essential; but an education of a very comprehensive character is also necessary, and a knowledge of society—not in a single stratum, but in many—is indispensable. No very young person, therefore, is a fit critic of the theatre. Some one said that no woman could act Juliet before forty—that is to say, until she was too old to look it; and we are of opinion that properly to judge such a performance requires, in general, years as mature. It is simply preposterous for raw youths, with unripened intellects and perceptions unsharpened by social attritions, to attempt to judge an art which demands for its accurate appreciation not only conversance with a great part of the round of human attainments, but an intimate knowledge of the springs and motives of human action. Yet raw youths do attempt these things, and are very widely associated with them not only in New York but in all our large cities. One of the consequences is that people are encouraged to adopt the profession of the stage who are unfitted in education or person to succeed there; and another consequence is, as we have said, that this department of criticism is inevitably shorn of its legitimate dignity and proportions.

But what constitutes the legitimate dignity and proportions of the department of dramatic and musical criticism? Are we not in danger of overrating it? Possibly, but we do not think we do so. For good or ill, there is not the slightest doubt that the stage is a great educator, and we believe it is not overstating the mark to say that 20,000 people visit New York theatres every week-day night. The mass of these people are probably young and impressible. Doubtless nine out of ten of them read the papers. Is it, then, not of some consequence that accurate notions of art, sound ideas of principles, of the true and the false, the genuine and the meretricious, should be instilled by the press into their minds? Would not the average character of performances infallibly be raised if the audiences were educated into an intelligent and critical frame of mind respecting them? We are bound to answer these questions in the affirmative, and when we

do so, when we are thus led to think of things as they ought to be and to look at things as they are, we cannot help perceiving that an important means of education is left undeveloped among us, and that our own calling is responsible for it. What conceivable good influence, for example, can the puerile, patchy, and conventional screeds about operas and dramas that *The Evening Post* prints have upon art? None, absolutely none, or worse than none. That paper is rich enough, and so are others, to employ and pay a competent and upright expert in this department, and that this is not done is discreditable to art and an inconceivable occasion of the degradation of the stage. The present condition of things may be favorable to years of jubilee for incompetent and depraved managers and for pretentious and ignorant performers, but there are more ways than one in which it is unfavorable to the true interests of art and to the proper cultivation of the public taste, as we shall endeavor in future articles to show.

OUR DEAREST FOES.

A PRETTY general property of human nature—modern human nature, at least—is, that after hostile or actually belligerent relations between two parties have ceased there are individuals on both sides disposed to fraternize lustily, and with what sometimes even seems to be a superfluous enthusiasm. Such conduct is attributed to very different motives by the friends and enemies of these individuals. On one side very plausible talk about Christian charity, forgiving and forgetting, and the like; on the other, hints at love of notoriety, want of solid character, and carelessness about fixed principles. It may well be, however, that indifferent motives are largely at work here, as in many other actions often interpreted in a purely favorable or unfavorable sense; and that no special goodness or badness is to be predicated of the man who takes a drink with his late enemy.

First, there is the natural sense of satisfaction at being relieved from a source of annoyance. This feeling extends to all with whom the relieved person comes in contact, including those who constituted the difficulty. A quarrel between two individuals in society brings up countless unpleasantnesses before common friends. For two communities, not only the actual time of conflict but the period of distrust and defiance which usually precedes or follows, or both precedes and follows it, is fraught with mutual annoyances. The relations of our North and South for more than ten years before the war—putting the war itself out of the question—were felt by every Northerner, even if he had no inclination or calling to cross Mason and Dixon's line, as an infringement on his liberty. While the Frenchman in England found the very street boys conspiring against his peace, the serious objects of his visit were likely to be overpowered by the discomforts of his daily life. Human nature, when freed from moral or physical pain, is apt to be expansive and genial, from an impulse almost animal, and not necessarily dependent on any virtue or vice. Again, a feeling of curiosity has a powerful influence in attracting the average man toward his late enemy of another region. A tame tiger or hyena claims our attention more forcibly than an ordinary dog or sheep. An imperfectly known animal of problematical ferocity would interest us in a still greater degree. War, as already intimated, is usually either the prologue or the epilogue to a long drama of hostility and estrangement, during which both parties have the best opportunities for acquiring and cultivating a grand stock of mutual ignorance, and its necessarily attendant prejudices. To generation after generation of Englishmen the Frenchman was a filthy frog-eater, undersized and unvarnished, by inevitable dispensation of Providence. To generation after generation of Frenchmen the Englishman was a brutal barbarian, who wore either top-boots and breeches or a Scotch cap and no "continuations" of any sort, was invariably accompanied by a *bouledogue*, and had always an easy way of procuring a divorce from *miladi* by selling her at auction in the cattle market. Nor can we afford to laugh at these misconceptions when we remember how recently and for how long a time the average Southerner regarded the *Yankees*—that is, all the inhabitants of the Northern States—as a race of cowardly peddlers, while the average Northman was apt to regard the Southerner as a variety of the human species who divided his time about equally between drinking whiskey, chewing tobacco, swearing, and fighting street-fights. Then, when the satisfaction of our curiosity has shown the supposed monster to be something very different from what our ignorance and

prejudice had depicted him, a reaction is inevitable. We have been expecting a hunchback; an ordinary man takes the proportions of Apollo in our eyes. We have been fearing that the door might be slammed in our faces; he who offers us a seat is at once invested with the graces of a Chesterfield. The man who presents to us a cocktail instead of a poniard, though he may be only seeking our life in a more indirect and insidious way, is the prince of good fellows. Finally, any demonstration of courtesy or good will on the part of individuals to others of a community formerly hostile is likely to flatter the recipients' vanity, by the suggestion that an exception may have been made in their favor. The demonstration may be only an ordinary result of natural politeness, or the particular character of the individual making it—in either case quite independent of the receiver's merits,—still, he will be inclined to take it as something due to his peculiar personal qualities.

But while we hesitate to attribute any very decided character to individual acts of fraternization between former enemies, their collective effect must be deemed highly beneficial, since it is chiefly by their multiplication that confidence and good will are reciprocally established. And it is thus, with time and patience, that the acerbities between North and South will be softened away and the nation consolidated after the granitic stage of fierce conflagration through which it has passed. We say, emphatically, the *nation*, believing North and South to be essentially one people. We should be very sorry if our references to England and France were interpreted as admitting the idea that the restoration of the Union was the conquest of one nation by another. There were no real germs of such a separate nationality, and therefore the attempt to establish one very properly failed. The peculiarities of the two sections have always been exaggerated by partisan prejudice. However the Northerner and Southerner may differ from each other, they have many more common points of difference from the Englishman and, *à fortiori*, from the continental European. Thus, the term Puritan, whether as an honor or a stigma, is constantly used as if it were the special property of the Northerner. But the Southerner is just as much a Puritan in the Frenchman's eyes, and a Sunday in Charleston is just as uncomfortable to the Parisian as a Sunday in Boston. Again, a want of domestic neatness is often considered by Northerners a characteristic of the South, and a Massachusetts housewife in the Carolinas wears out body and soul, we are told, in fruitless attempts to impress upon the aborigines of both colors the duty of scouring stairs and washing windows. But the whole West, according to the observation of both English and New-English tourists, is equally

"More Irish and less nice;"

in this respect showing that sluttishness does not depend on parallels of latitude. The practice of athletic sports was at one time regarded as an attribute of the South. So far as this related to equestrianism the North has done a great deal to bring up its leeway; so far as it related to pedestrianism, the Southern man was never better off than the Northern. Your Virginian or Louisianian on a foreign tour may shoot as well and ride as pluckily as his English host; but when a tramp of five miles before breakfast is proposed, his whole being revolts at the unwonted exertion. The strongest differences between the two sections were those growing directly or indirectly out of the "peculiar institution." If its influence had continued long enough they might have gone on increasing till they became sufficient to establish two separate national characters. But it fell; and with it the great obstacle to assimilation was removed. True, the negro element still remains, a source of doubt and embarrassment; but one of these two things we may consider pretty certain, either—which we scarcely believe—the Southerners will become used to negro suffrage, as we have become used to Irish suffrage, or, if the two races prove incapable of subsisting together under their new relations, the weaker will go to the wall, emigrate, die off, or be got rid of somehow.

EUPHEMISMS.

THE employment of euphemisms among the ancients, especially the Greeks, was usually generated by a peculiar motive, now almost inoperative. The use of harsh or disagreeable epithets was considered inauspicious when applied to malignant supernatural agents or things connected therewith. Thus, the Greeks used to deprecate the wrath of the Furies by styling them Eumenides, or the kindly goddesses; and, as left-hand phenomena were believed to be ill-

boding, they tried to mitigate or avert such sinister presages by the term *εὐνῆμος*. A still stranger illustration of the same tendency was the expression *ἕτερος* (other) for the plainer *κακός* (bad). The classic idea we have referred to perhaps still lingers in some rural districts of the Old World; and we have heard an old Scotchwoman object to an innocent remark about the devil on the ground that it was "nae gude to speak of sich like." Certainly there were traces of the same notion among the peasantry of the middle ages. Hence, probably, the appellations *good-folk* and *fairies* as applied to whimsical and often mischievous elves; and it is just possible that the sobriquet of "The Old Gentleman" may have been designed as a sop for Cerberus.

But in the modern languages euphemisms serve more commonly to dress wolves in sheep's clothing, or silence the qualms of quaint, old-fashioned consciences. The *argot*, or cant of professional thieves, from which examples of this figure are often quoted, originated merely as a medium of secret communication, and includes as many terms that enhance as of those that extenuate to an unprofessional mind the crimes or horrors they express—proving thereby, to outsiders, that, if there be honor among thieves, there is very little conscience. Nor is this deduction falsified by such euphemistic phrases as the "everlasting staircase," otherwise "the hopper," or "a dance upon nothing," which, designed to soothe fear and not conscience, do not require present consideration. But many amateurs, like Pistol, who called stealing to "convey," gloss over certain conventional larcenies by devices equally satisfactory to their moral sense; and the slang of some school-boys betrays a like confused discrimination between the *meum* and *tuum*. Drunkenness conceals its several phases under a variety of figurative expressions, including "half-seas-over" and "jolly screwed." The tendency is further evidenced in such seductive phrases as "*parfait amour*," "Cream of the Valley" gin, taking "a smile," *Hibernicé* "a drop of the crathur," though it can scarcely be called a euphemism which does not veil something wrong, coarse, or disagreeable. It has been remarked that the misuse of "play" as a synonym for gambling has gone far toward the toleration and diffusion of the practice; and with a similar result the Germans use the word *tempeln* (to build a temple), a rather suggestive substitute for "playing faro." In many cases, too, it is the persistent abuse of the expression *love*, where *lust* or *passion* is the fitting term, that gives success to the seducer; and the playful phrase, *poudre de succession*, has perhaps more than once nerved a vacillating poisoner, or even made him, like De Quincey, regard murder as one of the fine arts. Contracted or disguised oaths may be viewed as euphemisms, that retain the efficacy of their originals as soothing syrups to the irritated feelings, while agreeing better with the moral constitution. Some of these expressions have a further advantage, allowing to the etymologist the free use of expletives without at all compromising his dignity. Thus, many are ignorant that the grotesque "odds-bodikins" is corrupted from *God's body*, as "zounds" is from *God's wounds*; or, that whoever uses the unconnubial and antiquated "marry," swears, objectively at least, by the Blessed Virgin. If the vulgar "darn" is a rather transparent incognito of its profane original, it has a merit of its own, that, while professing a vague desire that we may be mended, it really consigns us to a place where such a consummation is quite impossible. In the examination of such pitiful shifts and hypocrisies, we must console ourselves with the borrowed reflection that they are so many acts of "the homage paid by vice to virtue." Of certain euphemisms, a moral eclipse is less the object than the cause, as, when we call a fool *silly*, a *simpleton*, or an *innocent*, all terms etymologically expressive of virtue—when a stupefied toper is irreverently said to be "maudlin," or like the Weeping *Magdalen*, or when "smartness" becomes a synonym for successful swindling.

Genuine as well as spurious delicacy is a prolific source of analogous expressions. Thus, in relation to those frail and outlawed females not to be even thought of in unvarnished Anglo-Saxon, what a diversity of ingenious and foreign phrases spare the modesty of the newspaper correspondent and the ingenuous blushes of the benevolent or curious reader! Such illusive epithets as "*filles de joie*," "gay women," and "pretty horsebreakers" are part of the hollow radiance that surrounds the unforgotten sin, and is the ruin of so many human moths of either sex. The Latin "conciatrix" must have been much more agreeable to the creature denoted by it than its uncompromising Anglo-Saxon translations. Before

delicacy moves us from the further consideration of this department of our subject, we offer one sample case for the casuists à *propos* of a peculiarly American class of euphemism. Is it a healthy or morbid refinement that tolerates the free discussion and exhibition of "limbs," and forbids the casual and strictly Pickwickian utterance of an older and more distinctive term? Is the motto, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, applicable here?

The misuse of the words "gentleman" and "lady," so often assumed by or soothingly addressed to the most degraded classes, is a striking instance of the euphemisms that are prompted by courtesy. We are not without some misgivings lest "the man in the moon" or "the man at the wheel" may prefer successful claims to gentility; though it might seem this specific tendency had reached its *ne plus ultra* when four families, occupying the corners of one room, assured a pitying visitor that they had been pretty comfortable "till the gentleman in the middle took a lodger." "Belle-mere," to express a generally unpopular relation, is another polite misnomer, as is the "Dear Sir" in the missive of an indignant dun, or the same word in the procrastinating debtor's reply, however appropriate the epithet may be in a purely commercial sense. Policemen extend further the demulcent influence of euphemism, and politely notify malefactors that they are "wanted," while bailiffs describe the most urgent legal claims—sometimes much more annoying than the "law's delay"—as "little matters." Some similar verbal courtesies, however, are less disinterested, as when one advertises for "a valise taken by mistake from the *Daniel Doo*," or offers a reward for the return of \$100 "found between — street and the Metropolitan Hotel." It is not an empty or a formal politeness which adds the assurance that no questions will be asked.

As an offset to the general misuse of this figure of speech are those poetical expressions designed to mitigate distress, which describe death as "sleep," the dead as "the departed," or parting as "bidding good-bye." "Hôtel Dieu" is a beautiful name for a hospital; with some such synonym for the contemptuous "poor-house" so many would not avoid its humiliating hospitalities by starvation or suicide. "Mont-de-piété," too, is a graceful substitute for the accommodating "uncle" of the impecunious.

In many cases an extension of the euphemistic principle would be an unquestionable gain. So far is the penchant for "calling a spade a spade" perverted, that among sailors and the rougher classes of the community the very terms of endearment are often wantonly and libellously coarse. And this counter-tendency is not confined to nautical phraseology or the scurrilities of political and religious controversy. Thus, certain coteries of *mauvais sujets* have gloated over such self-invented designations as "roués" or the "Hellfire Club," and even the redoubtable Mr. Hannibal Chollop was prone to calling his bowie-knife "Ripper," in pleasant allusion to its efficiency in "ventilating the stomach of an adversary."

HOBBLEDEHOYS.

SAITH the melancholy Jacques:

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages.

And so he goes on to give us his notion of the shifting drama of life in that inimitable synopsis which all the world knows by heart, the school-boy who spouts it as well as the justice whose "eyes severe" it robs of their austereness, and which even "the lean and slippered pantaloon" chuckles over as a capital satire on his rheumatic neighbor. A wonderful epitome of humanity it is—that is, of masculine humanity; for though the woodland moralist begins by premising that women are in his troupe as well as men, he gives them no place in the cast. Therein he was surely wrong, for on the worldly stage the women are not the least nor the worst of the players. Yet here, as always, Shakespeare evinces that curious indifference to the claims of womanhood in the abstract which leaves his plays, according to Mr. Richard Grant White, barren of so much as a single compliment to the sex, and ought to win for him perpetual ignominy in that regenerated and reconstructed future which Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and English Miss Becker, through much travail, are bringing forth. Though possibly in that enlightened day the social revolution shall be so complete that the poet may be saved to fame and conformed to the altered state of things by merely unsexing his pronouns. But this is not our quarrel with Master Jacques's category; we have a graver fault to find with

him and it, in that he has altogether omitted from his drama a figure that should have been not the least curious or important. It may have been some secret antipathy that prompted the neglect; most of us have such. One man never can abide boys, another has an unconquerable aversion to *le beau sexe*, almost everybody hates babies and mothers-in-law. Perhaps Shakespeare may have had some such invincible repugnance; but

"Pour cette cause
On pour autre chose,"

as Bluebeard sings, we miss the light his genius would have shed on that eventful period, that interregnum, so to speak, between boyhood and manhood, wherein the hobbledehoy for a little while fills the scene and shambles through his inglorious and disquieted career.

What Shakespeare omitted it is somewhat presumptuous for lesser pens to attempt to supply; but we are emboldened to the perilous overture by a desire to preserve some sort of memorial of a fast disappearing type. For boys are nowadays gradually ceasing to be, and before long their very existence shall have become a memory and a tradition in the land. With the boy goes, of course, that transitory phase of his maturer development which a felicitous and inspired past has termed hobbledehoyhood. Hand in hand, as it were, like the clown and pantaloons of pantomime, the boy and the hobbledehoy vanish from the scene, while by some magical transformation the harlequin-child of the present bursts at once from the cocoon of short frocks and knickerbockers into the full-blown glories of young manhood. Wiser than Shakespeare, we compress his seven ages into two and exhaust them both in the time of one. Youth and age are alike unknown to us, and the nursery grows turbulent with all the passions of maturity. To the self-possessed and self-reliant young person of the present generation a description of the trials and troubles of the hobbledehoy, his diffidences and his despairs, his blushing bashfulness and his inexhaustible *gaucherie*, would furnish food only for incredulous amazement or for wondering contempt; while he would look on a stray specimen of the genus with the same sort of interest that a particularly unique and uncommon fossil excites in the bosom of a zealous naturalist, or a Friesland rooster in an ordinary barnyard. Rare such specimens are, but not yet entirely obsolete, and to us respectable old fogies of another day it brings a subtle pleasure to dwell upon their antiquated tribulations. For it recalls a time when we too were hobbledehoy, and not any whit less clumsy or less pestered than the unluckiest of these; and the recollection of that past awkwardness and *niaiserie* only serves to set in clearer light the grace and courtliness and *savoir faire* that are at present the envy and the admiration of our acquaintance. Tall oaks from little acorns grow the proverb tells us, and the polished courtier potentially exists in the uncouthest and least promising of hobbledehoy; but the acorn never understands the process until it is an oak.

This, indeed, is almost the first as it is the oddest peculiarity of the hobbledehoy which attracts our notice: his utter and amusing unconsciousness of his own hapless condition. He is an anachronism, a nondescript, a chrysalis, but he knows it not; he is surrounded by other hobbledehoy, whose shortcomings he is keenest to detect and deride, but it never for an instant strikes him that he is of the obnoxious kind. They are hobbledehoy; he knows and he mentions it with quiet scorn; but he is a man, and his bosom swells at the inspiring thought. He has put on a tail coat and a high hat—a "tile" it is irreverently termed by his less manly companions—he has shaved, perhaps—ô fortunatum nimium, sua si bona nôrit!—he has descried the first faint mirage of moustache on the mirrored horizon of his lip. He has been proudly sick over the furtive cigar, he has sipped scorn of Olympian nectar from the surreptitious cobbler in some retired but indubitable bar-room, he has been introduced as Mister to his younger sister's boarding-school friends. To be sure, the enchantment of that delightful moment speedily wears off, and he is plain Bob or Charley in disgustingly brief space; but not so easily passes the effect of that vanished pleasure. And if all these things don't show a fellow to be a man, pray what does?

The hobbledehoy is not to be censured for hugging this fond delusion, for it is almost the solitary drop of comfort in the rather bitter cup of his existence. It is somewhat difficult, after all, to keep up the dignity of manhood, in defiance of all the yet lusty and clamorous instincts of the boy. The daw, we imagine, was not particularly happy among the peacocks, for all his bravery of borrowed plumage, and the hobbledehoy

finds himself in many a situation where it costs him quite a pang to reconcile his tastes with his aspirations. We may readily conceive that he looks with a smothered sigh on the boyish games his manliness forbids him to take part in. The merry riot of blindman's buff, the delightful mystery of hide and seek, the tingling excitement of leap-frog, forbidden pleasures now, he regards with wistful eyes and secret yearnings. And beyond the rather unsubstantial delight of his fancied manhood, which moreover his sisters mock at, even to his imaginary and much-derided beard, he has nothing to replace them, for he has as yet acquired no tastes to suit the station he aspires to. Such tastes indeed he affects, but it is truly a sorry and a hollow affectation. He swallows his glass of claret without a grimace; he even smacks his lips, and, aping the connoisseur, grows learned over the vintage, when in his heart of hearts he would give a gallon of the perilous stuff for a mug of cider or a glass of that nice currant wine that gladdened his holidays at grandmamma's. He pretends to like his gourmand uncle's gamy venison, which makes him sick, and he goes to sleep at the opera when he would infinitely rather be laughing at Mr. Merryman's jokes in the circus. Such penalties does his new-fledged greatness entail; nor is this the worst. The awful business of going into society must be faced and overcome. Is there any who reads these lines that does not remember, and shudder remembering, the ineffable agony of his first call? How, having rung the bell, he trembled in terrible apprehension on the door-step; how he half inclined to run away as the servant's hand was heard on the knob, and, the door being opened, detected in that functionary's eye a severe consciousness of his cowardice; how, being conducted like a malefactor before the awful presence in the drawing-room, he instantly became blind, deaf, and dumb on crossing the threshold; how his legs and hands seemed immediately to pervade the apartment; how he tumbled over everybody's feet and stepped on everybody's dresses, and, being introduced to Mrs. Jones, shook hands frantically with Mr. Smith; how he sat in fat Mrs. Podgers's lap, and knocked over Parian vases, and altogether conducted himself with the grace and ease of an inebriated dromedary,—who is there of a past and more modest generation that has not been through this frightful ordeal?

These are only a few of the tribulations through which the hobbledehoy is made to pass, till life seems hardly worth the constant struggle. But perhaps the most disagreeable and annoying feature of his peculiar condition is the facility with which, being neither man nor boy, he is made to be whichever may be most uncomfortable for the nonce. He is urged to do everything he doesn't want to, on the ground that it is manly, and he ought to be a man; while he is deterred from everything that he does want to, because he is a boy. He is old enough, for instance, to escort his own sisters to the concert or the lecture, which he finds intensely tiresome; but if it is a question of taking somebody else's sister to the theatre, he is crushed with satirical reminders of his youth.

How long the period of hobbledehoyhood lasts is a difficult question to settle. Perhaps it is safe to say it begins with his first revelation of the use of the shaving-brush, and ends when he falls in love with a girl of his own age. Though the hobbledehoy is in a state of chronic spooniness, it is characteristic of his nature always to select for his adoration some grown-up woman, several years older than himself, whom he worships in silence from afar and makes the subject of innumerable reams of verse of a lurid and melancholy cast. When he has outgrown this worship of maturity and finds his appropriate fate, as he eventually does, in the blue eyes and yellow ringlets of that lovely little angel whom he meets every morning on her way to school, the time of his transition is nearly over. And when he has progressed so far as to be able to talk to her coherently, as if she were not a superior being from another sphere, when he begins to have dim notions of matrimony floating through his brain, when he burns his verses and sets resolutely to work, he may fairly be said to have passed his probation, and to have become really a man.

MY RELIGION.

BY A MODERN MINISTER.

VIII.

THE PLAN OF SALVATION: THIRD VIEW—SUBSTITUTION AND REGENERATION.

"God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Much more then, being now justified by His blood, we shall be saved from wrath through Him."—PAUL.

HOW much of this kind of Christianity is there among us, "safe but not comfortable"! And how

little can such Christians do to commend Christianity to unbelievers! Christianity is a joyous thing. "Rejoice evermore" is the keynote of the New Testament. "Rejoice that your names are written in Heaven," says the Saviour. Yet there is a pressure brought upon young converts especially, who are inclined to rejoice, to repress their joy! The legal spirit which makes so many uncomfortable is apt to make them censorious also. They themselves are both unable and unwilling to speak or work for Christ, because they have not the faith and joy which incite to normal Christian activity. And not having it themselves, they are unable to understand it in others; and so attribute to them wrong motives, and harden themselves more and more while gradually case-hardening and dampening the ardor of others also.

The only remedy for this is a clearer apprehension of the true nature of Christianity, and of the danger to which all Christians are exposed from the natural tendency of the heart to "legality."

"For the encouragement of persons in this case, that they may presently recover themselves out of the snare of the devil, they should observe what the Scripture says of a legal spirit, describing it to be one of the members of their corrupt nature, one of the affections of the flesh, which will never be quite dead while the breath is in their bodies. It is an enemy that will be always fighting against the Holy Spirit; for they are directly contrary the one to the other; and, therefore, believers must not dream of any such victory as leaves no more fighting, but must expect sharp battles with the legal spirit as long as they live.

"And the same means by which they formerly obtained victory must be made use of again. As often as the legal spirit is tempting, Christ's strength must be opposed to it, and His strength must be brought into the soul by faith in His righteousness—the righteousness which He, as our substitute, wrought out for us. This righteousness comes first, and is established in the conscience that it may be pleaded and maintained there against all the charges and accusations of the law. As often as these rise afresh, still they must be answered and silenced with this plea: Christ is my Law-fulfiller, my Substitute; and I depend upon His promised strength to make me *stand fast* in that liberty wherewith He hath made me free. And this the Christian must do continually. The abiding sense of his natural inclination to lean upon his own works, on legal dependencies, and therefore his need of Christ every moment to justify him by his righteousness, and to keep him by his strength, will be the surest way to prevent his falling into bondage. For this will keep him very jealous over himself, and will show him the necessity of living out of himself for righteousness and strength. And while by faith he lives upon Christ for these, he shall not be overcome by any enemy."

But if he do not—if he depend upon the holiness engendered in himself by regeneration and trained by subsequent culture, even though that culture be aided by the Holy Ghost, he shall fail utterly. All these things are important, useful, necessary. But they are not enough. Even those who are clear in their apprehension of their "justification by faith," often fail here, most sadly. Take another illustration, from the experience of a saint now living, confirming that of Romaine:

"If I had been asked, 'Are you delivered from legal bondage?' I should have answered that no one was less under the law than myself; for since my conversion I had always seen that salvation was of free, unmerited grace, and I had earnestly and continually opposed in private, in public, and by my pen, the legal teaching so generally addressed both to Christians and to the unconverted. That I was in no respect legal, I felt to be indeed emphatically my privilege.

"I had often dwelt on the 'glorious liberty of the children of God,' and verily thought I knew its meaning, for few among my friends seemed to have had so much joy in the Christian life as myself. My assurance of salvation was unvarying, and the text always in my heart and on my tongue was, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.'

"No effort seemed to me too great, no sacrifice too painful, for the Master's work; and blessing almost uniformly attended the preaching of that measure of the truth of God which I knew. My service was in no respect for salvation, but sprung altogether from a realized salvation. Because God had given me so much, therefore I longed and loved to serve Him.

"I had yet to learn, however, in the school of God, that, beyond the simple foundation of forgiveness by the death of Christ, as yet 'I knew nothing as I ought to know.'

"My mind was *not* in full subjection to the Word of God, and in my practical daily life I was unconsciously rejecting its most obvious teaching. Escaped from legalism as to God's means of redeeming a sinner, I was yet under great legal bondage as to how a redeemed saint should live so as to please God. Of the full power and liberty of the children of God, the victory over sin, and the heart which, condemning us not, leaves us 'confidence toward God'—of these I knew little. I had yet to learn that the painful sense of condemnation in so much of my labors, and the often unsuccessful struggle against besetting temptations—such as irritability and self-confidence—resulted from lack of that full faith without which it is impossible to please God, whatever may be our efforts.

"I knew, however, that the Bible seemed to contemplate a better life for the Christian than this, and for some years the impression had been increasing upon my mind that there was some part of the truth of God that I had missed of finding. Although taught beyond most around me in the doctrines of God's free and sovereign grace, of my heavenly standing and priesthood, of the Lord's blessed coming, of separation from the world, and the true ground of worship; and although rejoicing in the truth, still I could not say that my soul was satisfied and at rest. I felt that in the truth, as I held it, there was a painful want of that spirit of love which is the uniting bond of the Church of Christ, and which the Scriptures declare is so much more and better than all knowledge and all faith; and I often expressed my growing conviction that there was some truth yet to break out of God's Word that would fill my heart with a love that could 'bear all things,' and would be above the intolerance of differences in the understanding of many details of Scripture. So strong was this feeling, that I had arranged for a meeting of some brethren, well versed in the Scriptures, to carefully examine together and in detail what part of God's Word I had failed to receive and to teach. The results in my walk and ministry assured me that God intended more of blessing in this life than I had yet experienced.

"Circumstances delayed the meeting, but in the meantime, through an unlooked-for channel, I was to receive the secret that was to teach me true subjection of soul to the Scriptures of God, and which was to give me also the antidote to legalism, the joy of Christian liberty, and the power of true service. That secret was *faith*. Strange! that when I had so constantly taught faith as the appointed channel for the forgiveness of sins, I had failed to see that faith alone was also the means of deliverance from the inward power of sin, and everything that hindered acceptable service of God. Not the sinner only, but the saint must receive everything by faith.

Among those with whom I worshipped there were some whose inward life, as they described it, seemed to be very different from mine. They declared that practical sanctification was to be obtained, like justification, by simple faith; and that like justification it was to be realized in any moment in which our faith should be able to grasp it; and they declared further that they experienced it. The subject was continually brought to my attention, and, over and over again, proofs were brought by them from that Word to which I professed to be, and verily thought I was, in such entire subjection. But my soul regarded the subject with a deep feeling of distress, for it seemed to me that what they were aiming after and professing to have attained was a perfection of the flesh, and that I knew was impossible. I scarcely know anything toward which I had such a deep-rooted prejudice, and I suffered many hours of anxiety in thinking over the sad consequences of this heresy which I saw creeping in among us. So determined was my opposition that even familiar passages of Scripture, when quoted to prove that sanctification was by faith, and that it was possible to walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, assumed such unfamiliar aspects that I could scarcely believe they were in the Bible. Once, for instance, Rom. vi. 6 was quoted to [me, with the remark, that certainly when God said of the believer that his "old man is crucified with Christ, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin," it must mean *something*; and something too which would make it possible for a believer to uniformly please God. I was so astonished at the force of the words that I said at once and emphatically, 'That passage is not in the Bible,' although few, perhaps, were more familiar. And then when forced to acknowledge its presence there, I took refuge in the plea that it was only judicial; that is, true in God's sight, but never actually true in the Christian's experience. Thus I turned the edge of the sword of

the Spirit continually by my ingenuity, or else, when an explanation suiting my old apprehensions of the subject was impossible, I avoided the texts altogether. And many a time in my blindness I proved, as I thought incontrovertibly, that this doctrine was not in the Scriptures; that all the sanctification taught there was primarily judicial, and that our practical sanctification was only the natural and gradual result of apprehension of judicial standing and grateful love.

"But all this while the simple confessions of some that Christ was to them their practical sanctification, just as really as He was their justification, could not but echo at times through my heart, and make me wonder whether they were so altogether wrong as I had believed. Slowly I began to see that I had misapprehended their meaning. It was *not* a perfection in the flesh they were talking of, but a *death* of the flesh, and a life hid in Christ—a life of abiding and walking in Him, and therefore a life of victory and triumph, and one well pleasing to God.

"Is that all?" I said at one time, when this had been especially pressed home upon me. "Is that all? Why I have always known that."

"Have you *lived* it?" was the question then asked.

"Yes," I replied, "I have often lived so. Very often I have given myself up entirely into the care of my Saviour, and have realized that I was dead, and that He alone lived in me."

"You have realized this as an occasional experience," was the answer to this; "but have you realized it as a *life*? You have taken refuge in Christ sometimes, you say, but have you ever taken up your abode in Him?"

"I saw that I had not. My faith had been very intermittent in this respect. In circumstances of peculiar difficulty, or where I had from any cause felt especially weak in myself, I had had recourse to Christ exclusively, and had always found Him at such times sufficient for my utmost need. But that this occasional experience might be and ought to be the experience of my whole life, I had never thought of."

"What would you think," asked my friend, "of any one who should trust Christ in this intermittent way for the salvation of their soul; who should one week realize their own powerlessness to do anything toward it, and should therefore trust it altogether and wholly to the Lord Jesus, but the next week should try to do it partly themselves, asking His help to make up what was lacking in their own efforts? Would not such a course seem to you a dreadful one? And yet it is not equally inconsistent, and equally dishonoring to Christ, for you to trust Him for your daily living in this intermittent way, sometimes walking by faith and sometimes by your own efforts? I could not but acknowledge the truth of this testimony, and the possibilities and blessedness of a life of faith began to dawn upon me."

"A few days afterward one of my friends said to me, 'When in the morning I entirely trust my soul to the keeping of Jesus, relying on Him *alone* to be preserved from sin through the day, He always answers my faith, and does keep me from known sin.' The words went home to my heart. Plainly as, in my folly, I had thought I could refute the possibility of such a life as a *doctrine*, I could not gainsay it in so simple and scriptural an experience of faith. I felt that Jesus *could* not fail when He was thus trusted."

"I went out to my daily occupations from seasons of real communion with God, and with many prayers for delivery from temptation, yet I had to own that I was not delivered, but constantly fell into sin, inward even when not outward, and that much of the time I bore about me a painful sense of condemnation. I knew that in confession my sins were put away, but I confessed them with a hopeless sort of feeling that another day would record similar failures. The reason was, that while I had prayed, I had not also trusted that God would do what I prayed for."

"When I had asked God to be conformed to the image of His Son, I had not really expected Him to do it, and I had been moreover shocked at any one who said that God answered such prayers. My faith extended only to the conquering of some outward or inward sins, and I expected to find the flesh always in some degree an outbreking thing. I had looked on the confession by any of realized answers to their prayers, to be 'made perfect in every good work to do His will,' as delusions of the flesh."

"But now I began to question, 'Is it possible that such a life is for me? May I live in the power of God in victory over sin both outward and inward?'"

"No one can describe the last act of the soul when it lays hold on Christ in justification, and finds itself saved, however distinctly the steps leading to it may

be traced. But this the weakest believer may say, 'Whereas I was blind, now I see!'"

"While even more highly estimating the wondrous love that quickened me while dead in trespasses and sins, and in sovereign grace led me to the Cross of Calvary to receive remission, and the glorious truth opened to my soul respecting the present possession of everlasting life, my eternal standing in Christ, and the glorious hope of His coming, yet I am compelled to confess that the life, power, joy, and liberty into which I have been introduced by simply accepting Christ as my practical sanctification, is like having my eyes unsealed. Never was the flesh so manifestly a ruined and utterly corrupt thing, and never was Christ half so near and precious to my soul! Though by no means released from temptation, and even failing at times, I am now, by the shield of faith, whenever I use it, 'able to quench *all* the fiery darts of the enemy.' Though conscious of the presence of the flesh, it is as a conquered and chained enemy, subdued not by self's efforts, but by the power of Christ. Called to walk every moment by faith, with the eye fixed on Christ, even the waves do not appall, nor will I, while thus trusting, be allowed to sink."

"To please God had been for many years the great desire of my heart, but I had sought to do it by efforts and prayers, forgetting that 'without faith it is impossible to please God.' Now, conscious that I do indeed, without reserve, cast myself entirely upon Christ, trusting Him not only for forgiveness of sins, but also for my daily walk, I can on the authority of the Word know that by faith I do please God, and this realization is the greatest joy of a child of God. Should my feet, through sudden temptation, or want of watchfulness, ever sink, Jesus changes not, and the eye of faith fixed on Him restores again the privilege of walking upon the water."

"It is indeed a blessed privilege to be led to raise our experience of the grace and power of God up to the Scripture standard, instead of trying to bring that standard down to our own practical experience and walk. We can measure our power by the power of God, made ours by faith, and now working in us mightily, and we set no limits to what in grace he may do in or by us, rejoicing to know that whatever is done is God's own work, and His is all the glory."

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

CONSTITUTIONAL INTERPRETATIONS.*

THE architects who builded the real and only temples of American liberty—the States, and those who afterwards combined them, for increased security, into the structure of surpassing grandeur, beauty, and excellence called "the United States," essayed to avoid the Old World despotic theory of divine right, which really signified army-supported politics, and to build entirely upon the idea of man's capacity for self-government. All questions were to be settled without force, by reason, on principles of justice; and all political authority, except derivative and delegated, was to be kept out of governmental contrivances, and to be left for ever in the people,—this being popular sovereignty, or the right of self-government. Under Providence, our people naturally grew into organized republics, and ruled themselves by the only true divine right of government; for, being created free moral agents, they must have free choice in all personal, social, and political affairs, in order to make it just that God should hold them responsible for their probationary acts.

And as the people could not attend personally to political government in large commonwealths, much less throughout a "republic of republics," the plan had to be adopted of appointing certain persons to do this part of "the people's business," and of putting their commission to act in carefully written form, so as to empower, direct, and, at the same time, *control* them—the absolute right of such empowering (and necessarily of withdrawing power) always remaining in the people, as their sovereignty or right of self-government, and being inalienable. The writing in question is their frame of government, or Constitution, and is the most important and sacred of public things—the very palladium of law, order, and all private rights and blessings. It is the only procurator or warrant of the public functionary. Within it he is

* I. A Constitutional View of the late War between the States; its Causes, Character, Conduct, and Results. Presented in a series of Colloquies at Liberty Hall. By Alexander H. Stephens. Philadelphia: National Publishing Company. 1868.

II. The Constitutional Convention; its History, Powers, and Modes of Proceeding. By John Alexander Jameson, Judge, etc., and Professor of Constitutional Law, etc., in the Chicago University. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1867.

justifiable in his doings; while in acting outside of it he becomes a malefactor, nay more, an outlaw, for he has neither its authorization nor its protection. Moreover, to secure the sacred observance of this vital rescript, and to prevent usurpation, the people provided for the exaction of an oath from such servants and trustees,—that oath being to support the Constitution; to obey its commands; to observe all its reservations; and to keep themselves under it, and consequently subordinate to its makers; the functionaries must commit perjury and treason if they "act in this business outside of the Constitution," and enforce obedience to their acts. This is our written system. The same general principles apply to both the state and the federal constitutions. The people were above them. They must remain so, unless a revolution has occurred, which has made them subjects.

What people? How organized? And how capacitated politically to act? These questions must be answered from contemporaneous authorities, as questions of fact. What did the founders say upon these points, and induce the people to declare as their will? *Contemporanea expositio est optima et fortissima.* In all our remarks we shall hold this idea in view.

Mr. Stephens's book well and forcibly presents the true theory of our "Republic of Republics"; but, with an exception to be mentioned, its evidences and arguments are generally those of the great intellects who have shone in our partisan politics and statesmanship; and thus a noble and true theory is narrowed and degraded to a matter of party doctrine, and made to suffer all the odium and antagonism that befalls the Democratic party; whereas the setting forth of the original formation of the states, their character, their acts in federating, and the contemporaneous expositions of all these things by the fathers, would have placed the discussion above a partisan grade and atmosphere, would have been more worthy of its author's pen, and would have been much more likely to bring our people from wandering in the "wilderness of sin" to the promised land—the political and liberty-preserving system of their fathers. However, it is a valuable labor to group even these authorities upon the points of the book; and it is a highly creditable compilation, skilfully arranged, so as to make a cogent and, indeed, a conclusive argument, to sustain the federal theory of the Constitution. No criticism upon the style, plan, or purpose need be made, further than to say that the English is good and the diction respectable, the graces being few; the plan has the shape without the ease, grace, sparkle, wit, humor, or point of good colloquy, and the purpose is to show, by facts, authorities, and arguments, that our political system is a federation of sovereign states. The peculiar advantage of the colloquial mode to the author is, that he fights ideal foes, whose strength being within that of their creator, cannot prevent his predetermined victory. In the cause of truth, however, it is better to grapple with the real deceivers and misleaders, who stand thickly around, vulnerable at every point. Vanquishing the foes of conservatism and peace, in presence of the governing people of our country, does practical and instant good; while battling with prototypes and old dogmas, and trusting to the voters' perceiving points and tracing analogies, postpones indefinitely the victory to which the author's righteous cause and superior powers entitle him, and which would be a public blessing. Mr. Stephens's fine faculties should be exerted on the rostrum, and in Congress, against the Shermans, Sumners, Bingham, Butlers, Greeleys, and such like breathing evils, rather than the ideal Heisters, Bynums, and Nortons, or even the defunct Storrs and Websters. If it was well to go back to the "expounders," it was *better* to keep on to the constitutional era, where the very dogmas of the said "expounders" appear in the shape of charges against the Constitution, made by its enemies to defeat it. This would have enabled the author, upon every point and argument of his book, to reproduce Hamilton, Madison, Wilson, Dickinson, Washington, and others, with far greater effect than results from repeating Calhoun, Bibb, General Jackson's writers, Senate resolutions, and Democratic platforms. And, in truth, as expositors of our systems these are at best but excellent copies of Madison, Jefferson, Tucker, and Taylor of Caroline; and even these expositors merely repeated what had been said at the time and act of forming the Constitution by its founders. Therefore, we regret that the stones of Mr. Stephens's mosaic work were mainly quarried from the mine of partisan politics instead of constitutional history.

However, the calm, candid, and truthful tone of the work is admirable, the spirit of the constitutional era

running through all its pages. And it is to be regretted that the superabundant proofs which that era affords are so sparingly used, when they would have added to the conclusions of the work

"Confirmations strong
As proofs of Holy Writ."

One of Mr. Stephens's collocutors opens the discussion by speaking of that gentleman's apparent inconsistency, in supporting secession after making his great Union speech of November 14, 1860; whereupon Mr. S. proceeds at length, and most satisfactorily, to explain that our polity was a union of states, of which Georgia was an equal member; that our political system is merely the government of republican states by themselves—the governmental contrivances being their creations, administered by their citizens, and only possessing and exercising their power; that he advised Georgia to acquiesce in Lincoln's election; that she did not do so, but withdrew from the association of states she, as to herself, had formed; that in all this she simply exercised her sovereignty, and demanded of him her due obedience and devotion. He has no difficulty in vindicating his consistency. He clearly sets forth the history of the Union; the action taken by all the states to form the first federation, which he analyzes; the defects of the system, and the consequent general desire for a change; the Annapolis convention of 1786; the Philadelphia "convention of States," and the credentials of the delegates from their states; the action of the convention; the constitution they proposed, with an excellent analysis thereof; maintaining throughout, and establishing irrefutably, the proposition that the Constitution is a compact of federation between sovereign states. He introduces a decisive mode of proof, which seems not to have been much appreciated till an English publication, entitled *Davis and Lee*, in 1864 or '65 (republished here), put it prominently forward, namely, the history of the conventions, debates, and ratifications of the several states,—thus exhibiting precisely what gave the federal Constitution its existence and validity, and the federal functionaries their sole warrant of jurisdiction within a given state. He then quotes and comments on Calhoun, Bibb, Jackson, Webster, the dicta of the Supreme Court of the United States, the Senate resolutions of 1838 and 1860, etc.,—all supporting state sovereignty; and criticises Story and Motley, as well as Webster's early efforts, where they oppose that theory; and after quoting Jefferson, Hamilton, Tucker, Rawle, John Q. Adams, Lincoln, Greeley, and the Hartford convention on secession, he concludes with a powerful chapter on the strength of confederations and the working of our system.

Altogether, we consider this work very valuable from its calm, judicial spirit and from its strong and logical presentation of overwhelming proofs on the most important of all political questions. Its appearance is timely, for public attention is more than ever directed to the matters discussed. It is, however, like most judicial opinions, founded entirely upon precedents; and much disappointment will be felt that so superior and fertile a mind should have produced a work of so little originality, profound thought, careful analysis, or philosophical reasoning. As a commentary, it is far below Upshur or Calhoun; as a criticism on Story and Webster, it does not approach Bledsoe; and in its most valuable argument it has been anticipated by the English work before mentioned. In short, a student of constitutional science will find little that he has not seen before. All things considered, however, the book is a worthy addition to our political literature. While it gathers and puts in available and useful form a multitude of scattered fragments of statesmanship and political philosophy, it comments upon them and the errors it opposes with a most commendable temper, candor, truthfulness, and logical force, and may be read with profit by every citizen.

Judge Jameson's *Constitutional Convention* is written by a professor of constitutional law, who seems not to be a professor of constitutional facts; but it is far superior to Mr. Stephens's work as a literary performance and as an effort of original reasoning; and it exhibits more research and profundity of thought. It is, however, replete with inexcusable and pernicious errors. Like Story and Webster, the author comes to his work with a cherished theory. Assuming his premises, culling such facts of constitutional history as suit him, and arguing logically, he finally reaches the conclusions he desires. He sets out by dividing conventions into four classes: I. The spontaneous convention, or public meeting. II. The ordinary legislative convention, or general assembly. III. The revolutionary convention. IV. The con-

stitutional convention. The first three classes are sufficiently described for our purpose by the appellations; the fourth is the main subject of the work, which may be described as the full gospel of consolidation and centralism. The author is unable to imagine a voluntary "government," or union, that can be other than a "rope of sand;" he attributes to "government" that coercive power over states that was expressly denied to it by its makers; he transforms the federal agency into a Briareus, whose hundred or less hands grasp as many helpless but sweetly captivated states, which are thus strongly attached to the Union; and, to cap the climax, he thinks the constitution of a state a strait-jacket, put upon the people thereof by a superior power (because they are crazy, idiotic, or otherwise incapable of self-government, we presume), which they cannot put off without leave, no matter how dirty, ragged, hurtful, or otherwise objectionable it may be.

That this is a fair presentation of the constitutional law this professor professes is evinced, we think, by the following samples of his theory, as well as style. He sets out by defining the word "state" as meaning: "1st, any organized political community;" and, 2d, "In a limited sense . . . a member of the American Union." With great parade of definition and show of careful reasoning, he asks where "sovereignty resides," and remarks that "the difficulty is, in the jumble of national and state organizations, to locate it." He finally "locates" it in the nation, and generalizes thus, paraphrasing Webster: "The people of the United States, in 1789, threw the existing constitutions of the several states into hotchpotch, and repartitioned among these bodies the powers they were thenceforth to exercise, giving a portion thereof to the states, a portion to the general government, and reserving the residue to themselves. And the states have habitually conformed to the edict which thus curtailed and ascertained their powers" (p. 29). "Under the Constitution of the nation, . . . each state is permitted, by the sovereign, to frame for its own people its local constitution." And, continues he, in doing this "they perform a delegated function" (p. 65). Not a fact, or a phantom of a fact, in all American history supports such ideas; but everything disproves them. But it were a mistake to suppose the author's ideas to be a "jumble;" or that the contents of his head are hotchpotch. On the contrary, he reasons clearly from consolidation premises, though he evinces some creative genius in making them. It must be noted, however, that the constitutional construction of the school to which he belongs means *building* rather than *construing*, and their structure is like the temple of Fame in the picture, majestic and "cloud-capped," but unsubstantial, impractical, unhistorical, and unconstitutional. They seem to think it right, or at least "smart," to make the facts of their great political fabric. Why should they not? Do not the French at Suez fabricate stone for their piers, jetties, and other constructions? Is it not better and easier to make the fabrications for constitutional construction, since neither materials nor manipulation are required? If Prof. Jameson and Engineer Lesseps had been coeval with the civil engineer of Syracuse, "the great globe itself" might have become vagrant like the lost Pleiad, for they would have said, "Assume your fulcrum, Archimedes;" and the premises we all occupy and reason from would have been forced to yield to the assumption. And why should we not, in like manner, be logically evicted from our farms or plantations, some professor, engineer, or less reputable character assuming the premises, and saying to us, "Vamos!"

But, seriously, the professor has merely made a bull. It would be as sensible to expect, by throwing thirteen suits of clothes into a rag-bag, to consolidate their owners into a giant, equal to all of them, as to expect to make a nation by throwing the state constitutions into hotchpotch. The elements of a nation must be people, and all our people were states. It was they—and not their constitutions, or mere written evidences of their will—that must have been put into his vast brick machine,—let us call it, as hotchpotch is rather vague,—ground over, remoulded, and baked anew in one stupendous "brick with all the corners on." American history only shows one other high-sourced blunder so amusing. It was that of Mr. Lincoln when he said the Union made the states, and gave them their only status and rights!

Starting from such premises as the above, the author goes sublimely but logically along through all his 550 large octavo pages, never deigning to look at the being "born of poor but respectable parents" in 1788 (not 1789), called the Federal Government, in connection with what Mr. Stephens calls the *res gesta*—probably meaning the things happening at the gestation.

He ignores, or gives no weight to, the following facts: 1, that the states are named and described in the Constitution as New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, *et al.*, without the slightest qualification;—2, that they are called states throughout the Constitution, not in any "limited sense," but in the same sense as France, Spain, and Russia are (Art. III. § 2; amendments, Art. XI.);—3, that each colony was formed and governed by herself till independence, when she became a complete body politic, which, having no superior, must have been sovereign;—4, that George III. acknowledged each to be sovereign;—5, that each declared herself to be sovereign;—6, that all declared and guaranteed that each had sovereignty, and every possible power, except what she delegated;—7, that when the Constitution was formed these states were pre-existent, with sovereign characters solemnly established, and they could but have acted in such characters;—8, that the federal convention of 1787 unanimously wrote the preamble of the Constitution as follows: "We, the people of the states of New Hampshire, . . . do ordain," . . . "this Constitution," etc., and they never changed their will; but, as it was provided that nine of the states might make the federation, and as it could not be foretold which of them might accede to it, the committee on style properly struck out the names, but put in the equivalent expression, now in the preamble;—9, that Article VII. provides "for the establishment of this Constitution between the states so ratifying the same," thus showing that the states, by ratifying, established, and became the potential parties;—10, that the states have the original and absolute elective power, and the exclusive control of the same (Art. I. § 2, 3; II. § 1), and that they act severally in electing both houses of Congress and the President, while these, as their agents, appoint all other officers;—11, that there are no citizens in the federation but citizens of states (Art. III. § 2; IV. § 2), each federal officer necessarily remaining a citizen of a state, owing allegiance thereto, and, indeed, being sworn to support his state's "supreme law" which the Constitution is;—12, and finally, that we have no nation but states—"united states," the Constitution throughout thus phrasing the political arrangement of 1788, or calling it a "union of states" (Art. I. § 2; IV. § 3, 4). These facts destroy without remedy the fabric of consolidation built, *con amore*, and with such signal ability, by the professor. If he had been seeking for truth, and had come to ruin, which could hardly be, we should sympathize with him; but he started with a palpably wrong theory, sought to prove it, and, as Carlyle once said, "mashed his face to a pancake against the adamant of things;" and so we can neither pity him nor hope he will have the face to go further. A nation is a good thing to have, but he must manage to get along with one which absolute sovereigns constitute by federating and governing themselves jointly. The people might have been one state, but for the stubborn fact that they were many. And the consolidation of them might have been advisable, but our fathers all thought and acted contrariwise; and we protest against discarding their wisdom, after experiencing for two or three generations, and up to 1860, the truth, that "its ways are ways of pleasantness, and all its paths are peace." It is sad to Gradgrind to death a theory of so much æsthetic merit, but then it is a matter of absolute history that the raw materials of which alone a nation could be made,—namely, the people, the land, and the political power,—all belonged to the then existent and acting states of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, *et al.*, which were, after their federation, the self-same states in every respect that they were before,—thus showing that a nation or state comprising them was a political impossibility.

We must, however, concede to this author, of the two, the better understanding of sovereignty, though he makes a bad use of his superior knowledge. He sees the nature of it, but errs in regard to its location; while Mr. Stephens, who is correct, in the main, as to its location, is evidently somewhat mistaken concerning its nature. Though the tenor of his book, and the proofs he marshals, make against it, yet he seems now and then to have a vague idea that the states can be partly sovereign and partly subject, for he quotes Webster as "fully admitting that the states are sovereign, *except* in so far as they have delegated specific sovereign powers" (pp. 398, 403). Mr. Pendleton in a speech, the other day, at Bangor said: "It is a union of states, sovereign *except* in so far as they have delegated," etc. *The New York World* expresses it, that the states are "not sovereign, *except* as to their reserved rights." Nearly all our statesmen, imitating Story and Webster, use the same expression, forgetting that "sovereign" and "sov-

ereignty" are superlative in signification; that divisible sovereignty is a solecism, and is not known to publicists (see Vattel and Lieber); that what they call *exceptions* from sovereignty are precisely identical with the *powers* absolutely owned by sovereignty, and delegated to its agents; and that it is absurd to talk of sovereignty making an exception out of sovereignty, and thereby forming a sovereignty, which, if resisted, can coerce and destroy sovereignty. Obviously, the excepted sovereignty must have supremacy and coercive power. So we find these gentlemen, and *The World*, agreeing with Webster in his great speech of 1833, that "state sovereignty is effectually controlled," and with Lincoln, that states are counties of the nation; as well as with the Philadelphia convention, that the "government" has "absolute supremacy," and holds "the states in allegiance." And, indeed, they can all stand with Professor Jameson, who concedes "that the states are sovereign, *except* in so far as they" are not; and that so far as they are not, "state sovereignty is effectually controlled."

It is amusing to find the extreme advocates of antagonistic theories occupying the same ground. Is Grant's prayer to be answered? The truth is our state-rights men do not clearly understand their own platform. They forget that there is nothing to distinguish our states from the states or nations of public law; that the Constitution makes no distinction between our states and "foreign states," but recognizes their sameness of character and description—as we have seen; that the possession of sovereignty—which in nature is indivisible and absolute—is the only thing that distinguishes a state or nation from a province, colony, satrapy, county, municipality, or other subdivision or dependency of a state or nation; that if sovereignty is out of our states, they are united provinces or united counties, and ought to be called so, instead of united states; and, finally, that if they are under a sovereignty which can control them, they have gone back to where they were under Britain, for then the will of the political body now called a state was dominated by an outside sovereignty; and taxation without representation of any given state is as rightful and practicable now as it was then. Are we provinces or colonies again? One of these advocates (*The World*) happily affords us the *reductio ad absurdum*, by alleging a "national sovereignty," and denying that the states have "sovereignty, *except* as to their reserved rights." It also says, with Lincoln, that the only rights of the states are the rights reserved in the Constitution by this "national sovereignty." Of course this paramount authority can judge what they are, and decide *pro* or *con*. as to their continuance. "Sovereignty" must be able to do this, and enforce its decree! This answers to the very consolidation our fathers strove to avoid. Having gone thus far *pari passu* with Mr. Lincoln, *The World* should have joined him in his climax: "In what, on principle, is a state better than a county?"

We must make a few remarks on another apparent error of Mr. Stephens. He generally treats of the states as possessing undivided sovereignty, but seems to concede that it might have been, though it was not, alienated or divided; and, in one place, he distinctly degrades it to a power, or the sum of powers, that could be surrendered or reserved. Was not sovereignty, says he, "most clearly retained and reserved to the people of the several states, in that mass of residuary rights, . . . which was clearly reserved in the Constitution itself? It is true it was not so expressly reserved in the Constitution at first, because it was deemed . . . wholly unnecessary. . . . But to quiet the apprehensions of Patrick Henry, Samuel Adams, and the conventions of a majority of the states, this reservation of sovereignty was soon after put in the Constitution." And to prove that sovereignty was reserved, in the Constitution, to the states, he quotes the amendment declaring that "the powers not delegated . . . are reserved to the states" (p. 489, *et seq.*) Sovereignty, which is thus grossly degraded, can be nothing less than the life and soul of the state, in point of importance. It is an essential characteristic, and is neither the subject nor the result of any acknowledgement, agreement, guaranty, or reservation; but when, in the war for independence, the force of the colonies prevailed, sovereignty came to exist in each of them as a new-born soul—an adamantine, eternal fact, which the words of George III. or of the federating states no more produced than their acknowledgement could produce truth or God.

Most of our statesmen seem unable to distinguish between "sovereignty" and its "powers." It is evident that these are no part of sovereignty, for all possible "powers" of government may be delegated,

and sovereignty remain intact. Sovereignty and ownership are sufficiently analogous for the latter to throw light on the former. One who has ownership, has the absolute right of control and disposal—the *jus disponendi*. This includes all the powers required for its exercise. If the owner delegate "powers" to manage, improve, repair, rent, lease, mortgage, or sell, his ownership remains intact, and the agent neither has nor exercises it. So with sovereignty: it is, so to speak, the ownership of all persons and things subject to it, or it is an owner's dominion over them; and after the delegation of a thousand "powers" (of government, etc.) it is undiminished. England has a myriad of agents with "powers" in every part of the globe, while her sovereignty is always at home. Sovereignty sent, but did not accompany, the victorious armies of the Crimea. So in our country, sovereignty sends "substitutes and agents" with "powers" to govern, but remains quietly at home. That the general "government" has only "powers," the Constitution everywhere shows. Is it wrong, then, to say that sovereignty is the soul of a state? This political body was the only fit receptacle for such soul, and the solemn record shows that it did enter and dwell therein; the two were vitally joined. Have they been put asunder? If so when? Finally, it seems to us to be unquestionable that our states are absolutely sovereign republics; only self-bound in a purely voluntary association, which is solely motivated by amity and mutual interest; and that the federal contrivance is their instrumentality for self-government and self-protection—is their creation—lives solely with their life, and acts solely with their powers—and must ever be subject to their "supreme law," and *a fortiori* to themselves.

LIVES OF THE ENGLISH CARDINALS.*

II.

MR. WILLIAMS'S extraordinary lack of thoroughness, which we exemplified last week, often takes the form of putting him in the position of Mr. Saxe's admirer, who

"—hawks your jest about,
The old, authentic one,
Just breaking off the point of it,
And leaving out the pun."

Wherever it is possible to do this, or to transmute a saying whose merit lies in its pith and homeliness into a grandiose platitude, he may be relied upon implicitly. Thus, for instance, the unsurpassable simplicity of the Scripture phrase which Bishop Grossetête doubtless used is improved upon by Mr. Williams, who says that that prelate "threatened the belligerent Pontiff with the Scriptural declaration, that he who has recourse to the sword shall perish by the sword." The story of Cœur de Lion's capture of the Bishop of Beauvais, red-handed, takes this shape:

"The Pontiff wrote Richard I. a remonstrance, claiming his dear son. The king respectfully forwarded the suit of mail worn by the prelate when he was captured, asking if that was the coat of his dear son. The Pope promptly replied that the wearer must be a son of Mars, not of Christ, and left him to his fate."

Here is Hume's rendering of the same story:

"When the Pope demanded his liberty, and claimed him as his son, the king sent to his holiness the coat of mail which the prelate had worn in battle, and which was all besmeared with blood; and he replied to him in the terms employed by Jacob's sons to that patriarch: 'This have we found: know now whether it be thy son's coat or no.'"

By a not unnatural converse of the propensity to incompleteness, Mr. Williams is equally addicted to redundancy, and, as if his book were not big enough already, persists in telling us the same things over again, with an air of novelty which is highly exasperating. Iteration and commonplace, restatements of what we have been told, and returns to transactions left so many pages behind that one abandons as fruitless any attempt to follow dates—features of this sort form no small part of the bulk of the volumes. Verbal felicities are generally to be looked for in a work of the calibre of this:—"of which nothing remains but the picturesque ruins" (Vol. I., p. 87);—"the Conqueror, though he insisted, . . . he highly commended," etc. (I., 90);—"the writer . . . promises, if the debts of the Pontiff are paid in full, and he thereby [are?] relieved," etc. (I., 330);—"neither referring to three persons (I., 342)—these are among the grammatical achievements. Words of questionable respectability or of none whatever are freely used—*reliable, controversialist*, and the like: the English vulgarism, *different to*, which dots English pages even of such grade as Thackeray's or Charlotte Brontë's, is invariably employed: as frequent is its companion-piece—defended by Dean Alford, and often to be found,

* *Lives of the English Cardinals; including Historical Notices of the Papal Court, from Nicholas Breakspear (Pope Adrian IV.) to Thomas Wolsey, Cardinal Legate.* By Folkestone Williams, author of *The Court and Times of James I.* The *Court and Times of Charles I.* *Memoirs of Sophia Dorothea*, etc., etc. 2 vols. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.; London: Wm. H. Allen & Co. 1868.

Mr. Gould tells us, in *The London Times*—the failure to use the possessive before the participle—*e. g.*, "the choice . . . was not facilitated by the Emperor Frederick allowing," etc. (I., 289); "much odium was incurred by the Pope employing," etc. (I., 311). The beauty of this becomes especially apparent in a sentence (I., 371) which tells how the English king, having seized some money raised for the Pope, "applied it to his own use, answering all complaints by asserting the necessity of the *friars maintaining the rule of their founder*,"—where the admitted necessity of the friars, whether they maintained that rule or not, would be a good reason for their (not *them*) having the money, and not by any means an answer to their demand for it. An occasional confusion about adjectives and adverbs is illustrated by a statement (p. 237) that certain documents "show how high-handed he intended to exercise his mission"—where Mr. Williams can scarcely, in the manner of Mr. Charles Reade, claim to find in Milton's "more unexpert I" justification for the "high-handed he" of his own not precisely Miltonic diction. But in his constructions the beauties are innumerable:—the church being premised to resemble a banyan, "*each sapling rose and flourished in the various nations of the earth*" (p. 21); "a quarrel between them broke out into a fight, in which one of the Pope's brothers was killed. It was this outrage that had made him dissatisfied," etc. (p. 347). To examples like this there need be no other end than that of the seeker's patience; we shall close our list with a couple of novelties wherewith our author is to be credited. The first is the plan of alluding, in grave historical narration (I., 224), to a high ecclesiastical dignitary as "an avaricious old hunk"; the second, this quite original coinage: "If the Divine command had been made to the [Papal] council, 'Let him who is without sin fling the first stone,' the punishers must have been so few that the offenders need not have feared *dilapidation*." *Lapidation*, though antiquated, is good enough, but the nearest existing word to Mr. Williams's is *dilapidation*—at any rate, the author's intention, we hope, is of quite a different nature from his suggestion.

The leniency and consideration with which English critics received a book as faulty in detail as it is as a whole—occasioning, we infer, its publication in this country—is somewhat perplexing. Were England a younger nation, less endowed with a complacent assurance of its own merits, and consequently more addicted to vaunting its deserts, in a word, more prone to buncombe, we might find the explanation in a circumstance which, as it is, we merely note for what it is worth—Mr. Williams foregoes no opportunity of uplifting his testimony in behalf of his native land. He begins this in his preface, where, after alluding to the cardinalate as "a dropped title in the Roman Catholic hierarchy in England," and touching on the "little doubt of its early resumption," he goes on, in a dark-lantern manner and with an affectation of enigma and mystery which is quite superfluous and perfectly transparent, to intimate that since at a recent creation of cardinals "some disappointment may have been caused by the omission of an eminent English name from those so honored," it would be becoming "so discriminating a pontiff as Pío Nono" to call to mind "the extraordinary claims of one of the most active of Roman Catholic prelates." And the presence or absence of English names is noted throughout the work in alternate bursts of triumph and of querulousness. Breakspear's exaltation of course delights our author, who, from the time when "the English cardinal became the English pontiff," rings the changes on his "thoroughly English fidelity," "his English pride and his English sense;" when opposed by the Emperor, "an English impulse made the Pontiff dash forward. . . and meet his formidable enemy face to face;" "the English spirit was up, . . . and the English pope stood out for his spiritual dignity;"—"assuredly the Papacy was not likely to suffer any diminution of its pretensions in the hands of its English pope." Yet even under him England had but two cardinals, and subsequently, "when English influence at the court of Rome was greatest, this number was scarcely ever exceeded,"—and this is the general burden of the plaint. Of Somercote, who has had perhaps a dozen lines in the chapter that bears his name, we are told at its end that "the English cardinal was thought the most worthy of the distinction [the papacy]; but to prevent this his Italian rivals are stated to have poisoned him" (*sic*). So with John of Toledo: "an Englishman was present; but Italian jealousy ignored his merit, and an Italian was preferred." Again, "More than one hundred successors of the Apostle, of different nationalities, had flourished before the land blessed with the mission of St. Augus-

time was acknowledged to have produced a priest worthy of being placed at the head of the Church for which he had abored with such signal success. Since his death about as many popes have ruled the Christian world, but not one of them came from the birthplace of Adrian IV. . . . While the entire English nation were obliged to be content with one pontiff and a dozen or so of Princes of the Church, the Orsini and Colonnese could boast of seven popes and cardinals by scores." Outside of the papacy, however, our author finds room to gratulate himself that "no great political or religious movement apparently could take place on the continent without an Englishman to help it forward"; and in particular he produces "the inevitable Englishman, in the person of that brilliant soldier of fortune, John Hawkwood, . . . commander of a dreaded band of 'free companies.'" Not precisely in keeping with some of these quotations is our author's claim of a countrywoman in Pope Joan, as to whom his conclusion is that, "though Sabellicus and Platina may both be wrong, if the fair theologian disguised her sex, there is nothing impossible in the story."

This matter of "Pope Joan" exemplifies another aspect of the book than the one in illustration of which we have just adduced it. If any popular belief in history has been shown to be a fabrication and a fraud it is this scandalous story of the unchaste female pope. And if there is anything discreditable to the honesty of Protestant historians and controversialists, it is the manner in which even to this day they have adhered to this disreputable falsehood in spite of the clearest demonstrations that it is absolutely impossible and unfounded. If Mr. Williams did not know of disproofs so abundant and conclusive as these—for their nature our readers are referred to the first series of Mr. Baring-Gould's *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*,*—he had no right to add to the discredit which the advocacy of the ignorant, the credulous, and the dishonest have already brought upon Protestantism. He does, indeed, fairly make some of his points. He paints in strong and true colors the incredible rapacity, venality, and corruptness of the Papal court. He justifies even such hard sayings as that "the head of the Christian Church frequently did not possess a single Christian attribute; his characteristics were notoriously the reverse of Apostolic, his policy was often denounced as that of Anti-Christ. His select council maintained notions of government remarkable only for their intense worldliness. The preservation or expansion of the temporal power of the Pope seemed their first consideration; and in their efforts to effect this, all that assumed to be spiritual, and ought to have been sacred in the pontifical office, was dragged through the mire of the most selfish of human quarrels." Though Mr. Williams at times enforces such truths as this, yet in general his inaccuracy and incompetence for his task are sufficiently great to do less injury to the church of which he disapproves than to that he advocates and to the cause of history. Yet the delinquency is not a moral one. It is the case of a man of mediocre powers of mind and small resources of learning who has essayed a task demanding unusually great ones. Evidently he is too confirmed a victim of the *cacoethes scribendi* to justify a hope that he will consign to other hands the purposed completion of his work. But it will be a matter for regret that the important and instructive transactions in which English cardinals have figured, from Cardinal Pole to Cardinal Wiseman, do not find a worthier historian.

LIBRARY TABLE.

WHAT ANSWER? By Anna E. Dickinson. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1868.—Miss Dickinson is known to most of our readers as a political lecturer, and, if report speaks truth, an able and impressive one. We

* Between the writing and the printing of this article we have learned that a Mr. E. D. Roides has recently published at Athens a work elaborately stating the Pope Joan story and maintaining its truth, ('H Πρωτογενής Ιωάννα. Μεταγενής Μελέτη. 'Υπο Ε. Δ. Ροιδού. Εν Αθήναις, αὐγός.') The Athenian author, however, appears to have convinced himself purely by the number of the authorities for the assertion, and to be unaware of the proofs which have been adduced against it. Mr. Baring-Gould's article, we think, must dispel the doubts of any honest inquirer, however prejudiced. It is too compact to be summarized in a note; but it shows (1.) that, while the alleged birth of Pope Joan's child (the Anti-Christ of the Reformers) took place in 854 A.D., the earliest mention of such a female pope is in the chronicle of Marianus Scotus, who lived toward the end of the eleventh century, and who says nothing of the incontinence of the female pope, while there is reason, moreover, to believe that the passage is one of the many interpolations from which this chronicle has suffered; (2.) that in the latter event the earliest narrator is Sigebert de Gemblours, who died 1112 A.D.; (3.) that Joan's reign is universally stated to have lasted 2 years, 4 months, and four days, whereas the interregnum between Leo IV. and Benedict III.—the place in which it is necessary to insert it—was only from July 17, 855, to September 1, of the same year. Any of our readers who care to trace the matter will find in the article referred to very full lists of the various versions of the myth and of the controversial literature on either side of the question. To Mr. Baring-Gould's references should be added a controversy carried on in Vol. III. of *Notes and Queries*.

have never had the pleasure of hearing her, but we have many times had the pleasure of reading in patriotic journals the most glowing accounts of her talents and her eloquence. Copperhead sheets, to be sure, doubted and denied; but their malignant hisses were fairly drowned in thunders of loyal applause. Beside, they had writhed too often under the fair lecturer's scathing satire to be impartial judges. So we willingly took Miss Dickinson at friendly valuation, and when it was announced that she had carried her talents and her eloquence to adorn the domain of fiction we reared around the joyous news a little palace of rosy anticipations. Perhaps we are naturally sanguine, but it seemed impossible to expect too much from the operations of so gifted a mind in so broad and fertile a field. Already in fancy we dethroned the idols that had sat so long upon our literary altars; George Eliot and Mrs. Craik and Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Stowe and Mrs. Davis—all together they went tumbling in the dust, and a new divinity claimed our incense and our pæans. And as this was rather a startling revolution in taste to a sober, conservative critic, it was with quite a tremor we began the perusal of *What Answer?* And when we had read it through, quite through, from the first quotation to the last interrogation mark, we drew a long breath and put it away, on a rather high shelf, between *Norwood* and *St. Elmo*.

Undeniably it is a pretty story, a very pretty story, and then it is such a very old friend. We have read it so many times in first-class weeklies and family magazines that it is really quite a pleasure to meet it again in such bravery of rhetoric and splendor of alien poetry as Miss Dickinson has thrown around it. A supremely handsome young man, as rich as he is handsome—all Miss Dickinson's good people are rich and handsome, while only her villains, Irish, and rebels are poor and ugly; and very properly too—with the most extraordinary talents, a figure like Apollo, "rippling hair like burnished gold," and eyes—oh! such heavenly eyes—

"Of a deep, soft lucent hue:
Eyes too expressive to be blue,
Too lovely to be grey,"—

meets at the commencement of a young ladies' school a divinely beautiful creature who is also, as we speedily learn, enormously wealthy, of talents, if possible, still more remarkable, with a shape like Venus, "silky black hair

And eyes conveying
The distant hint of some regret
That harbored there."

When two young people with such eyes and hair as this come together it is easy to guess the result. She reads a magnificent essay on *Slavery*, whereof we are favored with the peroration, which sounds suspiciously like an extract from one of Miss Dickinson's lectures, and he loves her; they meet at a party and dance together, and she loves him; she shows him a picture of her father, whom she compares to Daniel Webster and a king; he says she is a princess, calls her by her first name, and looks unutterable things, and then they both quote Emerson and Whittier and Boker with a fluency unsurpassed by Miss Dickinson herself, until the most obtuse of readers can see that the affair is very serious indeed. But unaccountably she leaves town after asking him to call, which was, of course, very rude; he writes a bushel of notes to her in vain, and the war inopportunist breaking out, he has to march away with the gallant Seventh without telling her his love. Of course he gets along splendidly, does all that a model hero should, is promoted from private to general, though everybody, including the author, persists in calling him colonel to the end of the book, and finally gets an arm shot off and goes home on furlough. He stops at Philadelphia, near which her father lives in palatial splendor, to see her (he had previously written her a letter which she had returned with the request that he should never do so any more), not knowing her address, but with a vague notion that Providence and Miss Dickinson will help him to it; meets her in a car just in time to knock down a Copperhead who insults her, calls and gets her (artful dog) to sing *Ask me no more, pops* and is rejected. Going back to his hotel, very much cut up, he finds a letter from his mother which explains the mystery in imploring him to give up Miss Ercildoune (that's her name) because she is a quadroon, and loves him. This explains the rejection; so, like a dutiful son, our hero straightway returns to his Francesca's house, finds her father, a good-looking mulatto, delivering an oration to his son on the wrongs of his race, and tells him he loves his daughter and would marry her. The old gentleman says, Ha! ha! and gloomily leads him into the library, where he gives him a quantity of very good but rather tiresome advice, and finally, telling him to go in and win, sends up his daughter. As usual on such occasions, nothing is said; but, by some mysterious process of mental sympathy, she is made aware of his newly acquired knowledge, and after considerable kissing consents. They are married, sent into Coventry, which they find on the banks of the Hudson, and are, of course, divinely happy until he has to return to the front. He determines to raise a black brigade, goes to New York for the purpose and falls upon evil days. The draft riots begin, and the rioters, led by Governor Seymour, ravage and slay in a lurid manner through two entire chapters, meeting, however, with one complete repulse at *The Tribune* office, where Mr. Greeley turns on the hot water. Col. Surrey, in trying to protect a colored friend, is pounced upon by the mob and torn to pieces, his wife arriving just

in time to be struck by a random bullet and die on his body in front of his father's house. Having achieved this really creditable climax, Miss Dickinson proceeds very carefully to spoil it by tagging on three or four supplementary chapters concerning a lot of people in whom no one takes the slightest interest, and finally winds up with a melodramatic shriek for negro suffrage.

This is the substance of *What Answer?* and the idols are still secure on their altars. For whatever Miss Dickinson may do hereafter, she has not yet learned to write a novel. A political harangue, if you please, flavored with spasmodic doses of fiction, an equal mixture of *Helper's Crisis* and *The Dictionary of Poetical Quotations*, a selection of *Tribune* editorials, with less invention and more grammar than that able journal usually exhibits—*What Answer?* is any or all of these, but it is not a novel. For a novel usually presupposes some faint attempt at plot and its systematic development, some remote approach to delineation of character. But *What Answer?* is equally innocent of either, unless a farrago of the most hackneyed commonplace of fiction may be called a plot, and various combinations of hair and eyes be allowed to stand for characters. There is not an incident throughout that is not familiar to every reader of *The Ledger*; not a personage that shows the slightest individuality or novelty; not an original idea, not a suggestive sentence, in the book. The only feature of the conception which has the slightest force is one that is at least as old as *Neighbor Jackwood*, which may claim to have begun the miscegenation school of fiction, and has lately been handled by Mrs. Davis, in *Waiting for the Verdict*, with such admirable delicacy of touch and so much artistic skill as to render Miss Dickinson's utter and wretched failure to cope with her subject more glaring and more painful. This is the destroying feature of the book,—its utter want of artistic perfection, of coherency, of intelligent management of the threads and details of the story, which puts to naught the undoubted talent of the writer. One feels that the book was not written because Miss Dickinson had a story to tell, but because she had a theory to ventilate which she was tired of propounding from the rostrum. Her personages are but the mouthpieces of her pet idea, and from the golden-haired Saxon hero to the kinky-haired African martyr they all talk alike, and all talk like Miss Dickinson. Yet, as we have said, the book shows talent; its descriptions are often graphic and its style is terse and good; it even indicates a certain kind of force in its writer—the force of a mountain torrent, very noisy and very vehement, spluttering and splashing over its shallows, silent over its depths. With its politics, or rather with that sentimental fanaticism which Miss Dickinson mistakes for politics, we have not meddled, because that is out of the province of a literary review. We have tried to judge it fairly on its artistic merits, and we have to say frankly that so judged it is by long odds, considering the reputation of the writer, the most complete as well as the most pretentious failure we have ever read.

Plain Thoughts on the Art of Living. By Washington Gladden. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1868.—So infinitely varied are the causes which influence the formation of character that it is difficult to trace their operations with any degree of accuracy; it therefore rests with those who assume direction in the conduct of the growing generation to exert all their ingenuity and earnest thought in endeavoring to decide the just proportions in which the physical and moral training of the young shall be combined with mental culture, so as to produce the happiest and most worthy men and women; men and women who shall learn to adopt a just and elevating estimate of the true meaning and purpose of life; who will recognize the noble aims for which existence is given, and consecrate their best energies to the work of social and intellectual improvement. The author of the present work accepts it as his business to teach, and, although apparently addressed to a special class—and therefore to a certain degree limited—his lessons, delivered in a pleasant and simple manner, in sturdy rather than polished language, will doubtless be productive of much good. The reflections and suggestions are those of a kind-hearted man anxious to do good, they are genuine and unforced, going frequently over ground which has been already traversed; and it seems to us that it is well to have familiar things occasionally brought prominently before us, as, when placed in a new setting, they sometimes impress the mind with new force. The first chapter sets forth, in words which cannot be contradicted, the dangers of an aimless life, and the pages which treat of dress are well worthy of consideration. In the essay on *Manners* the observations are dictated by the good sense and judgement which appear throughout the work. Of politeness, which the learned author of *Political Justice* says is never at variance with sincerity, the writer remarks:

"That is a grave social heresy which sneers at politeness as deceitfulness, and advocates the blunt expression of all our feelings, no matter how uncharitable they may be. I have heard persons boast of actions of this sort, after some such manner as this: 'I did not like him—I cannot tell why it was,—but from the first moment that person filled me with disgust; so I let him know just how I felt. I was not going to treat him as if I had great love for him, when I had no such feeling. There is very little deceit about me. I always act out just what I feel.' You have heard such vain boasting as this. It sounds sincere and plain-hearted, but in truth it is an ebullition of ill-nature."

Happily for those who are now growing up, people are beginning to appreciate the fact that physical development—a great object of ambition in ancient Greece, and hitherto so utterly neglected in our own country—is requi-

site to success in every station of life, and that the best brain is found to be of little service if there be not enough of vital energy to work it. On this subject Mr. Gladden observes:

"In short, young folks, it is safe to say that, unless you have good, vigorous health, the chances are ten to one that you never will amount to anything in any department of life. I presume you all have some ambition to succeed in life. Remember, then, that the first condition of success is a sound body."

Perhaps one of the most instructive chapters in the book is called *Stealing as a Fine Art*; it deserves serious attention, which should likewise be given to that on *Respectability and Self-respect*, wherein the author wisely condemns the respect which is often shown to wealth, and which is due alone to wisdom, probity, and virtue. The volume would be incomplete without an essay on marriage, which, as the author truly says:

"Is not for a day, but for all time, and in its influences and results upon the characters of those who are married it is for all eternity. It is not a pastime, but a serious and noble vocation. It is not a screaming farce, nor even a genteel comedy; it is a drama of thrilling import. Alas! for those who have only studied the first scene of the first act, and are wholly unprepared for the manifold situations and events with which the play will be crowded before the curtain shall fall upon the 'last scene of all that ends this strange, eventful history!'"

There is no lack of comprehensiveness or depth of thought in the work, which is suited to the understanding of any reader who brings to its perusal ordinary acuteness and patient attention.

Poems from the Greek Mythology, and Miscellaneous Poems. By Edmund Ollier. London: John Camden Hotten. 1868.—In his short and modest preface Mr. Ollier says that he puts forth this volume to see whether the public verdict would justify him in writing more. If our own cordial and sincere good word be of avail, he will write many more poems. He rings true, and shows genuine poetic qualities. His verse is singularly rich and rhythmical, and his imagination vivid and free. He has not that marked characteristic of the lower poetic organization—a certain set of images, cadence of verse, and groove of thought, into which everything falls—an obvious mental limit. On the contrary, Mr. Ollier's strongest impression on our judgement is that of affluence and variety, at least of imagery and expression. Breadth of real thought we cannot infer or deny; it is simply not within the scope of these poems. He may or may not be a sufficiently good thinker, but he certainly is a sufficiently good writer, to make his mark on the times as a poet. The *Poems from the Greek Mythology* are good, but not their author's best. They cannot be. So far as regards clear yet elegant exposition of the strong, sad antique thought that underlies all the polytheism of those wonderful Greeks, they are excellent—beyond that mere exercises. Mr. Ollier is versatile, educated and in practice, and does these things well, as he would do a versified translation from Froissart or Confucius well; but—*ni fallitur*—his bent lies elsewhere than in

"The stretched metre of an antique song."

He will probably be disgusted with us, after the intense fashion of poets, when we say that we prefer the miscellaneous poems. We do not say, or mean, that they are better poems; but they hold more of what interests us for the present far more than Edmund Ollier's poetry, and that is Edmund Ollier. We find him, as we have said, a man of culture and poetic promise. He has read good poetry and profited by it. But most of all he seems less in danger than most of to-day's young English poets of being drawn into the style and trains of subjects of that prevailing school whose founder seems to have been Matthew Arnold, and whose disciples threaten to make the rules of poetical taste for this century. How Mr. Ollier can learn from an author without servility is well exemplified by these fine lines from *The Masque of the New Year*:

"Summer, shaking languid roses from his dew-bedabbled hair,
Summer, in a robe of green, and with his arms and shoulders bare,
Next came forward, and the richness of his pageants filled the eye;
Breaths of English meadows basking underneath the happy sky;

"Long grass swaying in the playing of the almost wearied breeze;
Flowers bow'd beneath a crowd of the yellow-armored bees;
Sumptuous forests filled with twilight, like a dream of old romance;
Rivers falling, rivers calling in their indolent advance;

"Crimson heath-bells, making regal all the solitary places;
Dominant light, that pierces down into the deep blue water-spaces;
Sun-uprisings, and sun-settings, and intensities of noon;
Tender darkness of the midnight, and the glory of the moon;

"Rapid, rosy-tinted lightnings, when the rocky clouds are riven,
Like the rending of a veil before the inner courts of Heaven;
Silver stars in azure evenings slowly climbing up the steep,
Corn-fields ripening to the harvest, and the wide seas smooth with sleep."

"Locksley Hall! Lotos Eaters! Alexander Smith's *Life Drama*!" say readers at once. But look at it closely, and where is any real plagiarism? The whole at once brings up the

"Summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea," but the two rich passages do not really resemble each other any more than two rich men, from the mere fact of being rich. And certainly the lines we have italicized do show a wealth of expression that should not go to waste. We wish there were space to cite more of the many beautiful passages in the book, but, *faute de mieux*, can only say that many there are, and of a kind to interest in the career of their writer all who observe and take pleasure in the development of English literature. We have, in truth, little fear that Mr. Ollier will not continue in

poetical well-doing. In this one matter we believe in vocations. Mute, inglorious Miltons, by our private creed, never were many, and they are not likely to take the shapes of men who have read as much, learned so well, and done so well as this. In spite of all the drags and all the temptations of his "working literary life," we feel sure that Mr. Ollier will not subordinate his soul to its daily uses, but for a parting word we say to him, without fear of the reply in the story:

"I, bone, quo virtus tua te vocat; i pede fausto
Grandia latus meritorum premia."

The Lily of the Valley; or, Margie and I, and Other Poems. By Amy Gray. Baltimore: Kelly & Piet. 1868.—The object of the publication of these poems, we are told in a modest preface, "and in view of which most of them were written, is to aid in the education of destitute little girls of the South, orphaned by the late war." So pious and every way praiseworthy an aim lifts this unpretending though handsomely printed volume above the domain of criticism. Whatever may be thought of the intrinsic merit of the poetry the intention is undeniably excellent, and no one should grudge the money which forwards so admirable a charity.

Hebrew-English Lexicon; Containing all the Hebrew and Chaldean Words in the Old Testament Scriptures, with their meanings in English. London: Samuel Bagster & Sons; New York: John Wiley & Son. 1868.—This is a very neat and handy Hebrew lexicon, well brought out, and quite sufficient for beginners in the language. The arrangement is that of Leopold's *Lexicon Manuale*, which is derived from the larger works of Gesenius and Winer—printing, however, Leopold's *Analytical Index* in the body of the work, instead of as an appendix. Factitious roots are discarded, only those being retained which are found in the languages cognate with the Hebrew. Proper names are arranged, for convenience, under the roots from which they are supposed to be derived. Where a word is used only once or twice in the Old Testament references to the passages are given. In cases of doubtful or conjectural interpretation, the rendering of the authorized English version is retained; but here we think it would also have been well to include some of the other most approved translations. In giving the English words free use has rightly been made of Professor Lee's idiomatic English renderings. The editor of this lexicon (signed W. O., J.) refers, somewhat vaguely, to two classes of interpreters, between whom he steers, one "blasphemous," and the other which "elevates into authoritative glosses the renderings of writers confessedly ignorant of Hebrew." These are hardly the terms befitting an introduction to a purely learned work. The volume is a reissue, or reimpression, of an earlier publication. It is, as we noticed in a previous reference to it, remarkably well got up.

An Earnest Ministry the Want of the Times. By John Angell James. With an Introduction by Dr. Condit, of Auburn Theological Seminary. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication. 1868.—A new and well printed edition of one of the best works of its class. Its circulation among the ministry cannot fail to be beneficial.

The Atonement. By the Rev. Archibald Alexander Hodge, D.D., Professor in the Western Theological Seminary, at Alleghany, Pa. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication. 1868.—The Old School Presbyterian doctrine of the atonement is ably set forth in this volume, in contrast with other theories. The adverse views of Bushnell, Maurice, Young, and others are vigorously assailed. To controversialists it is a work of value and interest. It was first written as a series of articles in a Presbyterian journal, *The Banner*, published at Pittsburg.

The Catalogue of the Presbyterian Board of Publication is a volume of 432 pages, alphabetical and descriptive, comprising over thirteen hundred works of all sizes. Many of the volumes are of permanent value and general interest.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAPPELFINGER, Philadelphia.—A History of the New School. By Samuel J. Baird, D.D. Pp. xii, 564. 1868.
Callamara. By Julia Pleasants. Pp. 454. 1868.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—Gold Elsie. From the German of E. Marlitt. By Mrs. A. L. Wister. Pp. 344. 1868.
Ab-sa-ra-ka, Home of the Crows. Being the experience of an Officer's Wife on the Plains. Pp. xii, 284. 1868.
TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston.—If, Yes, and Perhaps. Four Possibilities and Six Exaggerations, with some bits of Fact. By Edward E. Hale. Pp. 296. 1868.
WILLIAM WHITE & Co., Boston.—The Haryester, for Gathering the Ripened Crops on every Homestead, Leaving the Unripe to Mature. By A. Merchant. Pp. 150. 1868.
ROBERTS BROS., Boston.—Little Women; or, Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy. By Louise M. Alcott. Illustrated by May Alcott. Pp. iv, 341. 1868.
D. APPLETON & Co., New York.—Elementary History of the United States. By G. P. Quackenbos, LL.D. Pp. 212. 1868.
Mental Science: A Compendium of Psychology and the History of Philosophy. By Alexander Bain, M.A. Pp. xxix, 428, 99. 1868.
Revised Edition: Cornell's Grammar-School Geography. By S. S. Cornell. Pp. 122. 1868.
D. VAN NOSTRAND, New York.—A Treatise on Optics. By E. Nugent, C.E. Illustrated. Pp. xii, 235. 1868.
On the Construction of Iron Roofs: A Theoretical and Practical Treatise. By Francis Camplin, C.E. Illustrated. Pp. 38, pl. 8. 1868.
J. B. FORD & Co., New York.—Recollections of a Busy Life. By Horace Greeley. Pp. xv, 624. 1868.
A. S. BARNES & Co., New York.—Independent Fourth Reader. By J. Madison Watson. Pp. x, 240. 1868.
THE GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington.—The Civil Service. Report of Mr. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, from the Joint Select Committee on Retrenchment, made to the House of Representatives of the United States, May 14, 1868. Pp. vii, 219, 14, 15. 1868.
ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH, New York.—Saint Paul. By Frederick W. H. Myers. Pp. 45. 1868.
Hymns by Francis Turner Palgrave. Second Edition. Pp. 46. 1868.

THE PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION, Philadelphia.—Ulrich Zwingli, the Patriotic Reformer: A History. By the Rev. Wm. M. Blackburn. Pp. 324.
The Promises of God. By E. C. Wines, D.D. Pp. 96.

PAMPHLETS.

- TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston.—Smoking and Drinking. By James Par-ton. Pp. viii, 151. 1868.
ADAMS & Co., Boston.—Free Religious Association. Proceedings at the First Annual Meeting, held in Boston May 28 and 29, 1868. Pp. 120.
S. FRENCH, New York.—Witchcraft: A Tragedy in Five Acts. By Cornelius Matthews. Pp. 99. 1852.
FREDERIC A. BRADY, New York.—Eulalie; or, The Wife's Tragedy. By Miss M. A. Earle. Pp. 118.
HURD & HOUGHTON, New York.—Dr. William Smith's Dictionary of the Bible. Part XIII., Pp. 1,345 to 1,406. 1868.
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.—The Brameighs of Bishop's Folly: A Novel. Pp. 183. 1868.
T. B. PETERSON & BROS., Philadelphia.—No Thoroughfare. By Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins. Pp. 66.
We have received reports and other papers delivered before the Educational Association of Virginia, at its anniversary in Lynchburg, July, 1867: Minutes of the Educational Association of Virginia; Lessons in Phonography, by James E. Munson; Tributes to William Morris on the publication of *The Earthly Paradise*.
We have also received current numbers of the American Law Review, The New Englander, The Radical—Boston; The Medical Journal, North British Medical Review, Herald of Health, Plymouth Pulpit, American Educational Monthly, National Quarterly Review—New York; The Phonographer—Philadelphia; The Dartmouth—Hanover; The American Naturalist—Salem; Scott's Monthly Magazine—Atlanta, Ga.

TABLE-TALK.

RAILWAY cuttings and tunnelings have lately contributed largely to the increase of our geological knowledge, but they have afforded to the learned comparatively few evidences of the culture of those peoples who inhabited in a former age the regions now traversed by the locomotive. Archaeology, especially, has hitherto gained very little by these discoveries in the opened soil, and for this reason the exceptional case recently reported from Germany will probably attract all the more attention in scientific circles. It appears that during the progress of the work on a railway from Ingolstadt to Gunzenhausen, Central Franconia, the laborers came across a large number of rare coins, stones, and other memorials, all dating from the days of imperial Rome's grandeur and civilization. At Weissenberg, a small town once the site of a Roman fort, several bronze vessels, some thirty coins from Nero down to Alexander Severus, and two of those bronze tablets commonly known as "*tabulae honestae missionis*," were found about four to eight feet beneath the surface. The last articles, which are said to constitute the most important part of the discovery, are very circumstantially described by an erudite correspondent of the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*, in a letter of which the following is a brief outline. The exterior of these tablets—thanks to the care of the finder—presents of itself much calculated to interest and instruct the antiquarian. Military diplomas of this class are known to have always been inscribed on two separate pieces, folded together after the manner of the diptychs. Hitherto, however, never more than one piece, and that piece usually in a mutilated state, has been met with, while the tablets discovered at Weissenberg are not only perfectly preserved, but clearly illustrate the way in which they used to be fastened and sealed. A distinguished Italian scholar, Marini, had already in the last century elucidated this matter from a decree, passed by the Roman Senate under Nero, which prescribed the execution of these diplomas, and his surmises are now proved to have been singularly correct. In the centre of the two tablets are two corresponding holes through which is drawn a triple bronze wire. On their outer sides, where the names of the seven witnesses stand, the deficient oxydization has still left plainly visible the place where their respective seals and signatures have been affixed above the wire. The wax, in which these seals have been stamped, was defined on both sides by bronze ridges, one of which still remains. As the inner sides, which contained the attested official diploma, were thus completely closed, and could only be got at by breaking the seals, the context is once more repeated on the outer, though more concisely and in smaller characters. It is therefore, as in all the other fifty-two discovered military diplomas, merely a copy of the original which used to be affixed at Rome to the outer wall of the Temple of Augustus, near the Forum. The Weissenberg diploma was issued by the Emperor Trajan, in the eleventh year of his reign, on the day before the July Calends, under the Consuls C. Minicius Fundanus, and C. Vettennius Severus. By virtue thereof the Emperor conferred on those who had been honorably discharged from the four squadrons and eleven cohorts stationed in Katia, under T. Julius Aquilinus, Roman citizenship and the privilege of begetting legitimate children from non-Roman women (*civilitatem et connubium*). The different divisions of the army enumerated by name are, of course, of the highest interest, and, therefore, quoted by the writer *verbatim*. The four squadrons (*alae*) of cavalry were:

- I. Hispanorum Auriana.
- I. Augusta Thracum.
- I. Singularem civium Romanorum pia fidelis.
- II. Flavia millienaria pia fidelis.

After these squadrons come the cohorts. They stand in the second line, because the infantry service was considered less honorable with the Romans than the cavalry:

- I. Brencorum.
- I. et II. Prætorum.
- III. Bracarum Augustanorum.
- III. Thracum.

- III. Thracum civium Romanorum.
- III. Britaninorum.
- III. Batavorum.
- IV. Gallorum.
- V. Bracarorum Augustanorum.
- VII. Lusitanorum.

In conclusion, the tablets contain the names of the individual in whose favor this attested copy of the privileges conferred upon him and his descendants had been prepared from the original inscription on the wall of the Temple of Augustus, at Rome.

THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY never allows many months to elapse without giving evidence of noteworthy diligence in its work. A correspondent of *The Observer* writes from England narrating the society's introduction of the Bible into Siberia. Three years ago, according to the estimate of a German pastor resident in Russia, there were not six copies of it in Siberia. In 1866 the society made a grant of a few copies of the modern Russ Bible, which were despatched by a vessel sailing from Boston to Nicolaïsk, on the Amoor River, where they arrived after the usual five months' voyage. The governor of the place however—we quote the language of the correspondent, whom we have long known as prolific of grammatical felicities of the kind—"promptly cautioned Mr. Chase, the consular and commercial agent, not to attempt the circulation of them, as in contravention of Imperial law, and it might get himself into trouble." But he took a copy and forwarded it to the Archbishop of Kamtchatka, a thousand miles distant, who compared it with the authorized version of the Greek Church, and, finding it satisfactory, authorized the distribution. Sixty copies were bought by the Russian officers, while those given away were so well appreciated and became so popular that 3,000 additional copies were asked for. These were procured, partly from the edition of the American Bible Society, partly from copies purchased from the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the whole shipped by a vessel which left Hamburg for the Amoor last spring and which contributed to the good work by remitting the charges of transportation.

RED TAPE fetters the judgement of the authorities of the naval academy at Annapolis to a degree which ought to be popularly appreciated. The particular manifestation at this time is this: A Massachusetts member of Congress referred an appointment to the academy which was in his gift to the result of a competitive examination. Among a large number of competitors Mr. S. B. Clark, of the Springfield high-school, was awarded the prize, whereupon he underwent a satisfactory physical examination. After this, however, he applied himself with such assiduity to the line of study pursued in the naval academy, that one eye became affected with a near-sightedness which the physicians consulted agree in pronouncing merely temporary, and which, it is admitted, did not exist at the time of the first, unofficial, examination. Indifferent to testimony to this effect, the officers persisted in rejecting young Clark. We must be permitted to doubt whether the lines would not have been more elastic had the applicant been the son of a member of Congress, and not of a widowed mother to whose circumstances such provision for her boy would have been a welcome relief.

OUR last week's paragraph about *The World's* experience with female printers is met by that journal with two objections. One is that—*The Round Table* being a weekly, not a daily, journal, "where time is of the utmost importance"—we had no opportunity of testing women's skill in rapid type-setting. This is undoubtedly true; and to it might have been added a consideration which has more than once caused the present writer to oppose the employment of female compositors for a daily morning paper—the manifest impropriety of obliging young women, generally more than ordinarily attractive and prepossessing, to leave an office for their homes at dead of night. The other objection, apparently, is that we styled the experience of *The World*, like that of the Treasury Department which employed female clerks and then pronounced them inefficient, "delusive," although we granted that in each case the experience was "accurate in the matter of fact." The delusiveness lay in this—that the inefficiency which was predicated, and probably truly enough, of a number of individual women, would be understood by the public to apply to the mass of women. Not that we are prepared to deny that, so far as the present generation of women is concerned, there is a certain amount of justice even in this somewhat sweeping deduction; for we should not venture to claim that, in avocations from which to this day they have been excluded, women could compete with any hope of success with men who have been disciplined, not merely through their lives but through the traditions and heritage of generations, into efficiency and skill. The wrong which, as we conceive, is involved in such judgements as those to which we took exception is that they lead the mass of men to regard in the light of inherent disqualifications deficiencies which we doubt not time will show to be the temporary result of false education and of the prevalence of erroneous conceptions of women's work. Holding only the position we have thus attempted to state, we could scarcely have strengthened it had we been able to respond to *The World's* demand that we should "give the facts of [our] experience of women's work as printers." We admit, in the first place, that the deductions come properly enough from the existing facts, only holding, with Dr. Johnson, that that is "so much the worse for the facts." Further than this, the

circumstance that the printing of *The Round Table* is not done under the supervision of its editors led us into partial error as to the facts. This is corrected in the following note, in which we have satisfaction in finding, along with the rectification of our misstatement, the concurrence of one of the most accomplished printers in New York—the superintendent of Messrs. Gray & Green's large establishment—in the view we have persistently urged, that the underlying necessity, preliminary to women's substantial success in new avocations, is education not less thorough than that of the men with whom they must have to compete:

DEAR SIR: Looking over *The Round Table* yesterday, I observed that, in your paragraph on *The World* and female compositors, you made a somewhat misleading statement, to wit: "A part of its [*The Round Table's*] composition at all times, and more or less of its proof-reading, have been done by women." Whatever credit may be due to anybody for the typographical accuracy of *The Round Table* is certainly not due to any of the female compositors or proof-readers who have been employed on it. Very little composition has been done by females on *The Round Table*—not, in the aggregate, over a single number of the paper. As regards proof-reading, I have found no one—though I have tried a good many ladies who called themselves proof-readers—whom I should be willing to entrust with the commonest work, much less "reading," so intrinsically troublesome as that of *The Round Table*.

Of course, in making this explanation I do not imply that women cannot attain ability in either of the occupations mentioned above. Far from it. But there must first be a realization on their part that something more than a few weeks' training is necessary to enable them to compete with men who have given several years to the acquisition of the trade. As the matter stands at present, there are probably not over half-a-dozen lady compositors in this city to whom I should be willing to pay the amount usually paid to ordinary workmen.

If Miss Anthony, who seems to have taken the lady compositors in hand, would only impress upon them the necessity of being thorough, she would confer a great boon on those who wish to open all possible avenues of employment to women. Yours, respectfully,

JOHN ROSS.

NEW YORK, October 5, 1868.

OUR neighbor of *The Sun* has a sense of humor which occasionally excites the jealousy, if not the appreciation, of his burlier contemporaries. In an article printed last week, calling upon Governor Seymour to withdraw from the Presidential contest, *The Sun* takes occasion to say that "Mr. Greeley, with his unique manners and sterling sense, at the Court of St. James, would make a sensation." There is not the slightest possible doubt of it; but whether it would be a sensation "of which every American might be proud," we venture to entertain the slightest suspicion of a suspicion.

CHICAGO has long had a habit of doing things while other cities are considering them. At present it is contributing, in two quarters, a new impulse to the woman's capacity movement. This month sees the establishment of *The Chicago Legal News*, under the editorship of Mrs. Myra Bradwell, the wife of Judge Bradwell, of that city; also of *The Sorosis*, all of whose editors and proprietors are ladies. Its announcement is to the effect that it will be devoted to the interests of women, and will discuss art, fashion, literature, housekeeping, and all other topics of advantage to women, preserving an independent tone, and freedom from political partisanship and sectarianism. In its weekly journalism Chicago has not a little to be proud of. *The Chicagoan* especially, despite its unepithetous title, deserves no ordinary praise. Always clever, bright, vivacious, light without being frothy,—giving, along with much that is instructive, a great deal that is very easy reading, and in which amusement is aimed at and insured, yet never degenerating into false taste, frivolity, or vapiditv,—no journal in the country better graces its own peculiar niche than this newcomer.

MR. D. VAN NOSTRAND announces the publication, to commence with the beginning of the year, of *Van Nostrand's Eclectic Engineering Magazine*. The new monthly, we are informed, will consist of articles selected and matter condensed from all the engineering serial publications of Europe and America, thus presenting within moderate limits of space and cost the cream of not less than fifty engineering, mechanical, chemical, and metallurgical publications, the French and German magazines being freely translated, and papers and discussions before societies being condensed, while professional news from all sources will be compiled at length.

MR. CARLETON announces *Friendly Council for Girls*, a new volume of amusement and instruction; Captain Mayne Reid's new novel, *The White Gauntlet*; and a satirical chronicle of the Provisional Government at Richmond, Va., entitled *The Acts of Kings*.

MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co.'s new announcements are as follows: *The Closing Scenes of the Life of Christ*; being a harmonized combination of the four gospel histories of the last year of our Saviour's life, forming a complete Scripture narrative, with occasional notes, dissertations, and tabular views and outlines of a new system of Bible-class instruction, by D. D. Buck, D.D., with an introductory essay by W. D. Nilson, D.D., of Hobart College; *Speeches on Various Questions of Public Policy*, by John Bright, M.P., edited, with the assistance of the author, by Prof. Rogers, Oxford University; *Seekers After God*: the lives of Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius, by the Rev. F. W. Farrar, M.A., being the third volume of the *Sunday Library*.

MR. RAPHAEL SEMMES's long-ruored narrative of his cruises in the *Sumter* and *Alabama* is soon to be published, at Baltimore, by Messrs. Kelly & Piet, in one large volume. There has recently been published at San Francisco, in a handsomely printed pamphlet, *The Story of the Kearsarge and Alabama*, which is anonymous, but is apparently writ-

ten by one on the Union vessel during the fight, and which tells the story—not, indeed, in a way materially different from that in which we have known it—but with a simple straightforwardness that gives assurance of fidelity to truth.

MR. HENRY PERRY LELAND—a writer of some talent, but less prolific than his more widely known brother, Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland—died recently in Philadelphia.

MME. OLYMPE AUDOUARD, a clever traveller and author, has been for some time engaged in studying from the life this country and its people. At present, *Le Messager Franco-Américain* informs us, she is among the Indian tribes of the West, but has made arrangements to deliver in New York, after her return from Salt Lake City, a series of lectures in French upon topics of modern life and literature.

THE BALLAD OF ULI.

I.
THERE is music in the hall at Uli,
And the lamps they are flaming bright;
But in the haunted bog,
Where reside the snake and frog,
The will-o'-the-wisps glimmer blueely,
And a guest they are waiting there to-night.

II.
The bride like a rose is blooming,
As she whirls in the maze o' the dance;
But the groom is glaring round,
Pale as death, with sigh profound,
And a cloud o'er his brow is glooming,
As his eyes tow'rd the oriel glance.

III.
Oh! what sees he at the window,
That none save himself can see?
What sound is in his ear,
That he blanches so with fear?
There's a weight on his soul—he has sinned; oh,
He has sinned very grievously!

IV.
He has fled from the hall and the dancers—
He has gone forth mute and alone;
The music all has ceased;
There is terror at the feast:
There are whispered questions and answers,
And the bride makes a moan—makes a moan.

V.
The groom to the foul fen has hurried;
The owl hoots: "Tu-whit!" and "Tu-who!"
And the snake he hisses harsh,
By the margin of the marsh:
"Here a bonny lass, alas! once was buried,
And the groom—and the groom knows who?"

VI.
The will-o'-the-wisps fondly hover
Where a fair form floats o'er the bog,
And a ruby's ruddy light
On a finger lily-white,
To his doom draws the false, false lover:
"Ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho!" roars the frog.

VII.
The bride—all in vain was she wedded—
In her chamber sits torn, a maid;
She wrings her hands and weeps,
But the groom full soundly sleeps,
'Neath the sedges and the ferns lowly bedded,
By the side o' the one he'd betrayed.

W. L. SHOENAKER.

THERE is being circulated in the continental journals a very remarkable letter, dated Jerusalem, July 18, which, if true, throws an entirely new light on the achievements of the British arms in the late Abyssinian campaign. Could we credit its statements, nothing in modern history, not even Turenne's treatment of the Palatinate, nor Tilly's conduct at Magdeburg in the Thirty Years' War, could equal the barbarities attendant on the storming of Magdala. The attacking column—says the letter referred to—composed of Europeans, not Hindoos, had arrived on the rock without the least loss. The king was found lying in his blood. The officers surrounded the corpse. But their surprise did not last. One began to tear off a piece of the dead monarch's shirt, and dipped it into his blood for a keepsake. The example was followed by others, and Theodore soon lay there a ragged beggar. The troops dispersed through the fortress in search of plunder. They found their way to the treasury, and fell to quarrelling over its ornaments, jewels, and gold like so many beasts of prey. Bars of gold, even crowns, were broken into pieces. Everything was demolished, books, furniture, dresses, etc. What could not be conveniently carried away was destroyed and ruined. Not content with this wanton waste, they went and violated the graves; the bodies of the dead were dug up, deprived of their clothing, searched and rifled, and then left exposed on the ground. Even the corpse of the Abuna was exhumed and robbed of the golden cross on its breast. The riot rose higher and higher. A large number of matrons and maidens belonging to the noblest families, who hoped to find safety at the fort, had their necklaces, bracelets, and rings torn from their persons, were stripped naked, and then subjected to the grossest outrages by the brutal lust of the soldiers. The officers, many of whom had got drunk on the honey wine found in the royal depots, could not or would not interfere. Such is the account given of the atrocities alleged to have been committed by the forces of a civilized nation on the anniversary of one of the greatest festivals in the Christian calendar. It certainly sounds incredible, but where there is so much smoke it is hard to believe that there is not some fire.

DR. PETERMANN's effort to reach the North Pole, promising as at one time it appeared, has failed. A telegram from Hamburg, under the date of the 1st inst., announces

the return of the *Germania* to Bergen. As the Swedish vessel followed the course of the North German expedition, it is scarcely likely that it will prove more successful, but as we write there are no tidings from it.

THOSE American scholars who have visited Oxford and become acquainted with its Bodleian Library will appreciate the Right Reverend M. D. Macray's *Annals of the Bodleian Library, Oxford, from 1598 to 1867*, which we have previously mentioned. According to the author, the first step toward the foundation of a university library at Oxford was taken by the Bishop of Worcester, Thomas Cobham, in 1367. Forty years later it had already made great progress, and in 1480 it was found necessary to add a new building, the same which now forms the interior of the great reading-room. But of the 600 early manuscripts only three are at present preserved in the Bodleian Library, and six in the British Museum; the others—all with illustrations and red initials—were consigned as "papistical" to the flames by a commission appointed, under Edward VI., to reform the university in the sense of John Knox. Four years after, a former student of the university, Thomas Bodley, resolved to repair the irreparable damage done to the library by Puritan fanaticism, and built at his own expense a large structure, to which subsequently were added the eastern wing and the picture gallery. He then instituted on the Continent, and especially in Italy, a search for rare and valuable books, and succeeded so well that the Bodleian was opened to the public in 1602. Since then, after James I. had given the library a free charter, the collection has steadily increased. Beside purchases and bequests, it receives annually an accession of about 3,000 volumes from copies of all the books published in England and Ireland. The library now possesses 350,000 printed books, and nearly 25,000 MSS.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM is said to be about depriving Naples of another collection unrivalled of its kind. This is the magnificent autographic collection exhibited at the musical establishment of M. Cottran. Among the original manuscripts are Donizetti's *Lucia*, Bellini's aria in *Pulcinella*, Paisiello's cantata for the entrance of King Joseph Bonaparte, Zingarelli's oratorio *La Distruzione di Gerusalemme*, Rossini's cantata on the return of the Bourbons, Paer's *Camilla*, and a number of unedited works of the old Neapolitan school. M. Cottran further possesses a library of nearly 2,000 volumes, containing all the partitur manuscripts composed for the Naples theatres from their foundation to the present time.

ONE of the lessons taught by the Paris Exhibition has been the necessity of giving to the working classes a thorough technical education, and nowhere in England is this fact better appreciated than in Yorkshire. The Central Committee of the Union has delivered there for some time a series of public lectures for the purpose of interesting the working-men in the establishment of such special schools. Classes to train competent teachers have been formed, and at Bradford a polytechnic institute is to be founded at a cost of £25,000. The flourishing town of Keighley is building a similar institution, as are also the smaller places, Otley, Eccleshill, Rothwell, etc.

THE manufacturers and workmen in the Staffordshire potteries have agreed to submit all their future differences to arbitration, and established a regular tribunal of their own. It is composed of ten manufacturers and ten workmen. Mr. Aysford Wise, former member for Stafford, is in favor of sending a working-man to Parliament.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW, SON, & MARSTON, first making the staple allusion to Sydney Smith and American books, announce their purpose of availing themselves of the recent legal decisions and the judgement of the House of Lords, which affirm the right of copyright in American books published in England. Accordingly "they now purpose commencing a thoroughly good and cheap series of editions, which, while combining every advantage that can be secured by the best workmanship at the lowest possible rate, will possess an additional claim on the reading public by providing for the remuneration of the American author and the legal protection of the English publisher." The series, it seems, is to be similar in appearance to the English series printed by Baron Tauchnitz. It commences with the novel which has been the subject of the prolonged litigation which has now resulted in favor of the legitimate publishers—*Haunted Hearts*, a book which, like its author's other production, *The Lamplighter*, would have been forgotten long ago but for the celebrity attaching to its name from the suit at law. However, the next of the bi-monthly issues is reassuring, being Dr. Holmes's *Guardian Angel*, and among the writers on whose names stress is laid in the announcement are Irving, Longfellow, Motley, Emerson, Lowell, Hawthorne, etc.

MR. DICKENS commences this month a series of readings, on the completion of which it is announced as his irrevocable intention to read in public no more. A piece of abnegation on which he and the public are very much more to be congratulated is his resolve to write no more "Christmas Stories"—a decision for which, though it is his own, he professes a regret that we think cannot well be shared by his admirers when they recall the merit of his recent productions of this kind.

MR. SWINBURNE is soon to publish another volume of poems.

MR. WILLIAM BLACK, a correspondent of *The Morning Star* during the Seven Weeks' War, has become the editor of *The London Review*.

MR. TENNYSON, it is said, will put in the printer's hands before the close of the year a longer poem than any he has hitherto written.

M. DORE, *The Athenaeum's* Paris correspondent narrates, is conducting great opposition in his scheme of illustrating *Faust*, from German artists and critics, who demand that this privilege should be vested in Germans. Nothing, certainly, could be better suited to his powers than the vivid scenes of that great drama. Meanwhile, among works M. Doré now has in hand are named the *Ancient Mariner*, the *Bridge of Sighs*, and Mr. Dickens's *Tiny Tim*. Also, just as he followed Don Quixote through Spain before making his inimitable illustrations of the Don's exploits,

so he now plans a tour over the ground of many of Sir Walter Scott's creations. For his masterpiece, when he shall be satisfied of the maturity of his powers, and that he has mastered the spirit of the great poet, M. Doré proposes to himself the illustration of Shakespeare.

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH lends the support of his name to Walt Whitman's poetry. The German poet is preparing for publication at Düsseldorf a German version of the *Leaves of Grass*.

M. DUMAS, père, according to *The Pall Mall Gazette*, has postponed until after our Presidential election the fulfilment of an engagement with M. Ulmann, by which, in consideration of a salary of 25,000 francs a month, he was to give in the principal American cities an entertainment comprising a singular medley of readings, acting, and public cooking—cooking being an accomplishment on which M. Dumas especially prides himself.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

For convenience of reference, correspondents of this department are desired to arrange questions in distinct slips from answers, and to attach to each of the latter the number prefixed to the query whereto it refers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

(104.)—Mr. Kinglake, in one of the chapters of his *Invasion of the Crimea*, which recounts the diplomatic events that led to the war, mentions that Napoleon I., when invading Egypt, issued a manifesto which represented the French Emperor as a Mussulman in faith, whereas in the version given to the European public its framer took care to appear as a Christian. Where are these versions, or any authentication of the statement, to be found? R. Y.

NEW YORK, Sept. 30, 1868.

(93.)—The "philosophic reason" is that, in such sentences as those first quoted by "Purley," *smells* and *looks* are reflexive verbs; but in those last quoted, are not so used. Being reflexive verbs, they cannot be used as reflexive verbs unless the adjective makes them reflexive—that is, they cannot be used improperly. "A flower smells (to be) sweet." "A lady looks (to be) charming." But "a hungry man looks longingly at a good dinner." Here is the adverb—no reflex action—you can't interpolate to be. *Smells* has two meanings—to give out a scent and to take in a scent. When it is used in the former sense, the adjective follows it; when in the latter, the adverb. *Feels, sounds, looks*, etc., all have this duplicate nature. *Ergo*, "Purley" is wrong in saying that *good* cannot be used after *looks*. If we mean that "a man looks (to be) good," we may say so; if that "he looks (to be) well," we may say that; but "Purley" will observe that the *well* is not an adverb, but an adjective. Now, a song cannot possibly sound (to be) *good*, nor a rose smell (to be) *bad*. Goodness cannot be affirmed of sound. Badness cannot be affirmed of a smell *per se*. When we correctly speak of a "bad smell" we use the other meaning of the word—its effect on our nostrils; its other reflex meaning. RICHMOND, VA., Oct. 5, 1868. W. F. D.

(93.) It seems to me to be sometimes admissible to use the words *good* and *bad* after the verbs *look, feel*, etc., as qualifying the subject—nominative. If I wished to say that a person looked to be in good health, I should say that he *looked well* (*well* being in that case an adjective, as is also, in like circumstances, its opposite, *ill*); but, if I wished to say that he looked (appeared) to be good, or felt himself to be bad, I might correctly, but not elegantly, say that he looked good, or felt bad. To say that a song sounded *good*, would be to say that from its sound it appeared to be a good one; but to say that it sounded *well*, would mean that on some particular occasion it seemed appropriate, or well sung. If a rose could by its odor prove itself to be a bad one, one might correctly say of it that it smelt *bad*. F. P. F.

NEW YORK, Oct. 5, 1868.

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THE ROUND TABLE'S
POLITICAL POSITION.From *The Herald*, New York, Aug. 31.

"LICENTIOUS JOURNALISM.—Under the above title a thoughtful and forcible article in the last number of *The Round Table* justly stigmatizes the indecent vituperative style adopted by certain journalists, who have lately vied with each other in pandering to the lowest of popular appetites—the taste for detraction, vulgarity, and slang."

From *The World*, New York, Sept. 1.

(Democratic.)

"An independent weekly."

From *The Tribune*, New York, June 19.

(Radical.)

"The most malignant and pretentious of our Copperhead weeklies."

From *The Enquirer*, Richmond, Sept. 1.

(Unreconstructed Southern.)

"*The Round Table*, whose editors are Republicans and whose conduct, although not professedly dictated by a partisan support of the Republican party, is confessedly in its interests."

From *The Evening Commonwealth*, New York, Aug. 19.

(Radical.)

"*The Round Table* is all that the most captious criticism could desire. Its leaders are forcible, pungent, and devoted to living issues. . . . In politics it is independent, but with strong conservative tendencies with which we are unable to sympathize. Nevertheless, in advancing its views it is evidently honest, and disposed to treat opponents fairly and generously."

From *The Daily News*, Charleston, S. C., Aug. 11.

(Democratic.)

"In politics, as well as in literature and social topics, *The Round Table* is a fair exponent of thoughtful and cultivated minds at the North."

From *The Union*, Brooklyn, Sept. 2.

(Radical.)

"*The Round Table* was never anything else than a Democratic paper invested with a literary disguise."

From *The Leader*, Baltimore, Aug. 29.

(Southern Democrat.)

"*The Round Table*, a Radical paper of rather neutral tint."

From *The Republican*, Springfield, Mass., Aug. 29.

(Republican.)

"*The Round Table* recently, in a more than usually temperate and well considered article—for a Democratic journal.—. . . *The Round Table* assumes to represent the critical judgement of the future, rather than the passionate interests of the present."

From the same, June 29.

" . . . *The Round Table*, which represents the people who are Democrats, but a trifle ashamed of the party and seek to make it more respectable."

From *The Post*, Boston, Aug. 29.

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From *The Presbyterian Banner*, Pittsburg, July.

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From *The Evening Transcript*, Boston, Sept. 4.

(Ultra Radical.)

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From *The Argus*, Albany, July.

(Democratic.)

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